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THE OPPOSITION ON THE INDIAN CRISIS.

WE are now pretty well in possession of the views and feelings of the leaders of Opposition in the House of Commons on the subject of the Indian crisis. The meetings of Agricultural Societies have been made the scenes of their manifestoes, somewhat in contravention of those good rules which enable people to meet together for social and neighbourly objects without being pestered by the introduction of politics with which they may not agree. The Member for Buckinghamshire, indeed, is so full of zeal in the public service, that he would probably turn a speech at a wedding breakfast into an appeal to "a determined Parliament and an indignant people" against the incapable Administration of the day. Sir E. BULWER LYTON and Mr. DISRAELI came out simultaneously, and were reported in their weekly organ with that monumental magnificence of paragraph which denotes the oracular utterances of Derbyshire wisdom, destined to immortal fame. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, of course, could not be mute when Mr. DISRAELI had spoken. Mr. WILLIAM BERESFORD's speech at Castle Headingham cannot be reckoned among Opposition manifestoes. He has sunk the member of Opposition in the Englishman, and gives a hearty and gallant support to those who, be they first-rate administrators or be they not—whether or not they have shown the utmost possible sagacity and foresight—are the acknowledged rulers of England, engaged in a desperate contest with her murderous foes. We can cordially forgive him all his electioneering offences for his conduct on this occasion.

Sir E. BULWER LYTON's speech was also, on the whole, one of a creditable kind. His ardour rose so high that he even promised, mindful of his warlike sires, to take arms himself in certain contingencies which are pretty sure not to occur—a course which combines enthusiastic heroism with the exercise of a sound discretion. Generally he kept clear of party topics, though he could not help reproaching the Government for not overcoming the difficulties incident to the immediate collection, organization, and transmission to the scene of war of a body of volunteers—appositely reminding us that it is by overcoming the difficulties incident to the composition of fashionable novels, that he has himself become the man he is. On one point of historical experience, however, we must venture to differ from Sir EDWARD. He asserts that revolutions and revolts are never sudden, and that to admit that their occurrence sometimes baffles calculation, would be to believe that policy is an accident, and government a farce. Of course every occurrence in the political as well as in the physical world has its causes and its conditions; but still, in the political as in the physical world, sudden things do sometimes occur. Nobody thinks policy an accident, and government a farce, because the revolutions of 1848 took all Europe (except, of course, Sir BULWER LYTON) by surprise. The Sepoys would not have risen against us if they had not been of a different race, of a different religion, numerous, armed, pampered, tempted by the sight of plunder, and unchecked at the moment by a sufficient European force. This combination of passions and circumstances was the "mine" ready to be fired. A spark to fire that mine, no doubt, there must have been; but the fall of that spark upon the powder may have been (we do not yet say that it was) perfectly accidental, and beyond all human calculation. To say that great masses

even of civilized men are not liable to sudden impulses, is to contradict some of the most remarkable facts of history. To say that masses of barbarians are not liable to sudden impulses, is to say that the atmosphere of the West Indies is not liable to hurricanes, or the soil of South America to earthquakes. Did not the mutiny at Vellore arise from a sudden impulse? And, suppose that mutiny had spread, as it well might have spread, into the dimensions of the present mutiny, would its unexpected occurrence have proved that policy was an accident, and government a farce? We can all be just and charitable to the past.

We cannot speak with so much approbation of the speech delivered by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON to the agriculturists of Worcestershire—we have no doubt with all that solemn emphasis and impressive gesticulation which, to the Baronet's fascinated hearers in the House of Commons, recalcitrant oratory of a more classic age. Passing, by a neat and easy transition, from the gay beauty of the Ledbury apple-blossoms to the gloomy aspect of the Sepoy war, Sir JOHN proceeded to paint our situation and prospects in the deepest Opposition hues. Not that he wished to appear desponding. Far from it. It was rather with a desire to animate our drooping spirits and inspire confidence in the ultimate result, that he pointed out that what might appear our worst disasters were, in fact, rather bright spots in the pitchy darkness of the general horizon. He had just had the satisfaction of electrifying a party at a country house with the Report respecting the employment of torture by native revenue officers in India, of which he was fortunate enough to find the company ignorant. He had now the satisfaction of electrifying the Worcestershire meeting by the intelligence, confidentially communicated by the Governor of Ceylon, that the movement against which we are struggling is not a mutiny of the Bengal army, but a rebellion of the whole people of India; and that the outbreak at Meerut, which we have been in the habit of deploring as the immediate cause of our misfortunes, is rather to be regarded as a most providential event, inasmuch as its premature occurrence prevented the success of a conspiracy throughout India, by which not a single Englishman would have been left alive to tell the tale. We need not say that he had the gratification of producing a profound "sensation." His expressions as to our want of sense of the danger seem to have provoked some dissent from one of his auditors, who evidently was not aware that it is the apprehension of undue apathy and supineness on the part of the nation, which always leads members of Opposition to represent everything in the most dismal colours. Sir JOHN means no harm to his country, or to any of its citizens; but the discernment of Lord DERBY has placed him in an elevated position, which renders it incumbent upon him on all great occasions to say something, though he may not always have anything very wise to say.

It is not difficult to understand the view which Mr. DISRAELI takes of the Indian crisis. We know pretty well the colour of the medium through which he contemplates events. Having entered public life with no public object—having never been the author of a single good measure, or the advocate of one good cause—having nothing to look back on as a consolation for present failure—he sees session after session passing away, and the prize (the only prize which a politician of his stamp knows) still further and further from his grasp. Such a situation is not favourable to keen enjoyment of national prosperity, or keen sympathy with national sorrow. It is not wonderful, therefore, that directly the terrible news of the Indian revolt arrived, the leader of the Opposition awoke as if from despondency, and, eagerly hurrying on the debate, lest the next mail should bring better tidings, magnified mutiny into rebellion, justified rebellion by misrepresentations of English policy

and government, warned the native Princes that our system was one of unscrupulous aggression and annexation, and painted as the victims of our rapacious injustice the Oriental tyrants whom law and order, by our hands, have cast down from their bloody and anarchic thrones. Who that listened to that cold and histrionic performance, with its pompous exordium, and its frigid antitheses, in the midst of that agony of national distress, could imagine that the performer sympathized with English hearts? And now again we have him gloating over and exaggerating the bad news, anticipating the arrival of worse, and predicting—and as far as in him lies, suggesting—the defection of the Bombay and Madras armies, of the Mahratta Princes, and the Punjab. Not a word of our victories! Not a word of tribute to the brave! Barely a word of sympathy, like a toll paid in passing, for the sufferers. The sympathy is reserved for the monsters who are about to be punished for their unimagined crimes. Mr. DISRAELI proposes to hold a meeting of the county of Buckingham for the purpose of factiously harassing the Government, under pretence of presenting a loyal address to the Crown. We trust there will be some one at that meeting less obsequious than Mr. DAUNCEY, and capable of expressing the feelings of an English heart.

Both Mr. DISRAELI and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON read us lectures on humanity. It seems, according to Mr. DISRAELI, that we are Moloch-worshippers, because we desire a more signal retribution than he does on the torturers of women and children. If the cries of slaughtered infants are characteristic of the worship of Moloch, that epithet is more applicable to the representatives of the cause which Mr. DISRAELI seems inclined to espouse. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON twits us with the cruelties practised by some of our native officials, he "fears" (we hope he does not wish to insinuate), with the knowledge of Englishmen; and he reminds us that in dealing with India, our hands are not clean. Whether, in dealing with India, our hands are clean is another question. It is a question which must be decided in our consciences now, as history will decide it hereafter, by our achievements, not by our shortcomings—by the general character of our Government, as contrasted with that of native rulers, not by particular errors or offences. We are not now dealing with India. We are dealing with the army which we have fed, which we have pampered, which we have implicitly trusted, which has never received anything but good at our hands, and of whose condition Lord DALHOUSIE thought it only necessary to say that nothing was left them to desire. And the crime of which this army has been guilty is not mutiny—it is not rebellion. Mutiny or rebellion might call—and, if there had been any provocation, loudly call—for mercy and for pardon. Nor is it a crime against England alone, but one that makes the blood even of England's enemies run cold. It is the fiendish and unutterable torturing in cold blood of unresisting men, women, and children—not for policy, not for lucre, not for revenge, but to gratify the passions of devils. The wretches who have taken part in these atrocities are not men to be chastised, but monsters to be destroyed. They have put themselves out of the pale of human sympathy or mercy. Let the innocent be anxiously separated from the guilty; but on the guilty, in the name of humanity and in the name of religion, let a punishment be inflicted which shall ring in the ears and thrill through the hearts of fiends in the shape of men for ever.

THE AMERICAN PANIC.

EVERYTHING in America is on a gigantic scale. Their trees are taller than ours, their forests and their prairies ten times as extensive, their waterfalls the grandest in the world, and their talk the biggest that ever was heard. It is just the same with their speculative manias. A town in the wilderness, or a railway through the desert, springs up with unheard-of rapidity, and a project which would be regarded here as a magnificent bubble, would stand a chance of being despised across the Atlantic as altogether too modest for Yankee aspirations. The almighty dollar has been often called the object of American worship; but though it comes in for a fair share of reverence, it is not the first deity in Uncle Sam's pantheon. The idea which is the centre of their practical worship is bigness. Let anything be only big enough, whether it is a new country to be annexed or a huge bubble to be fostered, and it is sure not to want favour. No doubt this feeling is natural enough to a comparatively small but energetic population, with a whole world of

territory to reclaim and utilize. Perhaps it has, on the whole, done more good than harm, and it assuredly has worked wonders in the rapid race of the United States against time and space. But there are some things which are apt to be large enough without any forced development; and unfortunately these, in common with everything else, are swelled into portentous magnitude by the temperament of the people of America. What would be a time of commercial pressure here becomes in New York and Pennsylvania a veritable crisis. A panic that might straiten us for gold during a few weeks at most, is, if transplanted to America, developed into every monstrous form of mercantile ruin. We think much of a rise of one per cent. in the rate of interest, and are greatly put out if a single bank is forced to close its doors. Across the ocean, the mild symptoms of commercial distress are discounts at 20 or 30 per cent., and the suspension of specie payments in every bank of two or three States. So greatly are all monetary derangements exaggerated by a voyage to New York, that the secondary influence of a fall in consols upon Transatlantic commerce, is often more marked than its primary effect upon ourselves. American cities, in fact, take to a crisis as naturally and energetically as Lambeth and Bermondsey respond to a visit of cholera—they are in a state of chronic susceptibility which predisposes them to the epidemic in its most malignant form. It is no great wonder, therefore, that a Press of unscrupulous audacity, avowedly in the interest of a particular section of the Stock Exchange, should have been able to operate upon the feverish excitability of the American commercial world until it has produced the alarming panic which is now at its height. There was some foundation, no doubt, on which to work, in the excessive liabilities of the railway companies, and in the embarrassment which any failure on their part was likely to occasion to the banks; but there seems little reason to doubt the correctness of the view which has been taken on both sides of the Atlantic by intelligent lookers-on—namely, that the panic is mainly attributable to the direct action of the press.

The way in which the banks have met, or rather failed to meet, the difficulty, is a curious commentary on the opinion which has been so loudly expressed in some quarters, that the example of American prosperity might reasonably encourage us to return to a system of uncontrolled issues. It is likely enough that the banks are not directly chargeable with having produced the mischief, but their utter inability to stand against an artificial panic is perhaps as strong an argument as could be imagined against the "free banking" system which has been recommended for our admiration. In the early days of the States, no restriction was placed on the privilege of issuing notes, so long as the issuers undertook to pay them on demand. The result of this perfect freedom was, as might have been expected, extravagant issues and recurring crises of ruin and bankruptcy. The worst of these, which occurred in 1837, had been preceded by a continuous over issue of notes during several preceding years—the total amount having varied from 66,000,000 dollars, in 1830, to 149,000,000 in 1837. Of course, or almost of course, every bank in the Union stopped payment, and, after a temporary revival of credit, another crash, almost as fatal, happened a few years later. These calamities disposed of the theory of absolutely free banking, even in America, and led to the introduction of a new scheme, under which banks are compelled to deposit securities in proportion to their issues. This, though a step in advance, is but a half measure; and it was well observed by Mr. WEBSTER that the ultimate security so provided is of little use to those who are compelled to turn the repudiated notes into money without delay, and that what is wanted is not ultimate, but immediate security—security that is good to-day, and will be good to-morrow, and the next day, and for ever thereafter—a security which is found in gold and silver, and in nothing else.

We have borrowed these facts from the evidence lately given by Lord OVERSTONE before the Committee on the Bank Act, in which the history of American banking is commented on in a tone which is remarkably justified by what is now going on in New York and Pennsylvania. It was to no purpose that members of the Committee pointed to the enormous development of American commerce under the system which has prevailed since 1838. They could extort nothing more from their inflexible witness than an admission that the modern American plan was preferable to that which had preceded it, but that it was still a

very defective arrangement. This opinion was given only a few months ago; and now the instability of the American banks has furnished a practical proof of its correctness, and ought to teach us to beware how we desert our own safe policy for the perils of a less restricted rule. The warning is curiously opportune, and can scarcely fail to have its effect on all who think upon the subject.

TRADITIONAL POLICY.

THE admirable pamphlet of M. VON ORLICH on the Indian Mutiny, which we noticed last week, furnishes us with some hints which may enable us to see our way through the fogs raised by the persons who dispute in the newspapers about the future policy of the Indian Government in regard to Christian proselytism. Our distinguished Prussian critic, unlike the thousand or two British clergymen who lectured the country on the Fast Day for having so long deferred to the superstitions of the Hindoos, finds his principal ground for blame in the omission to keep a reserve of European force in India sufficient to put down the resistance which our constant, though unconscious, attacks on Brahminism were certain to call forth in the long run. The mere presence of the English in India involves, and always has involved, aggression on the faith of the Hindoo. That complex aggregate of habits and opinions—of habits far more than opinions—which make up his religion, is stung at a thousand points by the foreign element which is carried into his moral atmosphere by European civilization. Brahminism is wounded by our physical knowledge, wounded by our equity, wounded by our views of the family, of woman, of human dignity. It is impossible to make an effectual compromise with it, because it is impossible to understand the exact importance which it attaches to particular points of faith. We have been informed that, in the Government school at Benares, the maps place that most sacred city exactly at the North Pole. It is supposed that an orthodox Hindoo would be scandalized at seeing the right town in the right place. But, in fact, Benares can never be at the North Pole. It is either poised on the top of Siva's trident, which is the orthodox Hindoo belief, or else it is in the latitude and longitude of the current European geographers. The compromise attempted, however well meant, is obviously a compromise between things opposite in essence—between nonsense and sense, between darkness and light. Precisely the same sort of difficulty attaches to an infinity of relations between the English Government and its Indian subjects. It conceives itself to be dealing tenderly with their prejudices, all the while that it perhaps shocks them as profoundly as if it disregarded them altogether. Every now and then, all the knowledge of native character which its servants have accumulated fails to show them that any shadow of repulsiveness lurks in measures which turn out ultimately to be the most formidable of grievances. The hat at Vellore, the greased cartridges at Barrackpore, were looked upon as absolutely innocent when they were at first prescribed. Even when dissatisfaction showed itself, the Indian authorities could not bring themselves to believe in its reality, and on Wednesday half the pulpits in England resounded with declarations that the pretext of the mutiny was a mere sham. The comparison of the authentic evidence and the popular impression is most instructive. The evidence, as it pours in, is almost entirely in favour of the reality of the panic created by the cartridges; but the still existing incredulity proves that no amount of testimony will enable Englishmen to realize the distastes and prepossessions of a Hindoo.

The weakness of the case made out by the intelligent correspondent of the *Times* who signs himself "P." consists in the failure of the traditional policy which he advocates. The cartridges were, after all, in accordance with the traditional policy. The best authorities believed them to be innocent, and they were part of one of the greatest improvements in the art of war. We cannot agree with Colonel SYKES, that it was mere military pedantry which tried to force them on the men. It seems to us to have been an occasion on which it was worth while to risk much. If the Sepoys had continued to be armed with Brown Bess, the military efficiency of the Bengal army would have gone down fully one half; and besides, there would have been no knowing what form such distastes might some day assume. In the first war with the King of Ava, the

Bengal Sepoys exhibited a marked disinclination to charge the Burmese, from a belief that they were all potent magicians. Will any soldier pretend that a prejudice which took such a turn as this ought to have been respected, even though there was danger of wholesale mutiny? The true conclusion from the affair of the cartridges is not Colonel SYKES's, but M. VON ORLICH's—that we can never be safe from explosions of disgust at the results of European civilization, and that we can never be justified in leaving India without a force of Europeans strong enough to tread them out, or quench them. The traditional policy was not ill-conceived, but it has miscarried for want of means to its perfect application. It is not entitled to plead its success as a reason against re-opening the question of Christian propagandism.

But on the other hand, it is stark staring madness to argue, as some of our Fast-day instructors did, and even wiser heads than theirs, that because there is a chance of trying some new policy, therefore everything may be tried which Exeter Hall can devise. The writer in the *Times* who replied to "P." the other day, observed that things "could not have been worse" if the traditional policy had been deserted long ago. This is far enough from the truth. Things might have been a great deal worse. Let us just trace the course of our present troubles. The instigators of the revolt, whoever they were, told the Sepoys they were going to be converted to Christianity, and they were believed, because they had the greased cartridges to point to—cartridges which had the awful property of "looking bright and thin in the light," and "crackling when the paper was wetted or set on fire." Next, the heads of the insurrection proclaimed to the villagers, and the "people of India" generally, that they, too, were to be compulsorily converted; but they were not believed, because no greased cartridge, no *corpus proselytismi*, had been brought home to the fears of the oppressed millions. But it is quite possible to conceive measures of State which would operate on every Hindoo in India as the greased cartridges did on the Sepoy. And we suppose there is no one who does not see that a general insurrection, even of men unfamiliar with military exercises, would be twenty times more costly, more sanguinary, more lasting, and more hopelessly dispiriting to the ruling race than the armed revolt of a trained soldiery. Doubtless, no policy is altogether safe; and we shall never be able to leave India without a force of Europeans equal to dealing with any outbreak of at least the proportions of the present. But, for all that, some lines of policy are more perilous than others, and some revolts may be worse than others; and nothing we have yet heard from India can give us a conception of what we may possibly hear, if the question of propagandism, instead of being resolved by the best lights attainable, is surrendered to the pious indiscretion of the religious world in London.

THE CURRENCY CRAZES.

WE have promised to bestow a few words on Mr. NEWMARCH's currency subtleties; and though it is tiresome work to dodge him through all the mazes of his sophistry, we must venture, once for all, to ask our readers to accompany us in this not very inviting pursuit. In order that we may do full justice to the originality of Mr. NEWMARCH's views, let us briefly state the often-repeated theory which we conceive to afford the true explanation of all the phenomena of the circulation. With a purely metallic circulation, the amount of available coin and bullion in the country is governed simply by the relation of demand to supply. When the exchanges are in equilibrium, the actual amount is exactly equal to the natural amount to which the fluctuations of the market always tend to bring it. This natural amount, like the commercial stock of any other article, is not an absolutely fixed quantity, but is liable to certain oscillations dependent on the extent and character of our business as compared with that of our neighbours at the moment—upon the quantity of capital for the interchange of which the coin is required—and upon other similar circumstances, all of which are subject to constant small fluctuations. When the actual stock of bullion in the country exceeds the natural amount, its local value falls below that which it bears in other countries, and by the known laws of free-trade a foreign drain results. The opposite effect is produced when the stock falls short of the natural amount.

With any mixed currency, where the notes are convertible

by law, and not depreciated in comparison with bullion, the total stock of available coin and notes together tends to follow the same law. Some additional fluctuations of short duration may be produced by an issue of notes sufficient to raise the circulation above its natural level; but the whole amount of the excessive issue will ultimately find its way abroad in the shape of bullion, and the equilibrium will thus be restored at the expense of a certain loss of the precious metals. The machinery of the Bank Act renders such artificial fluctuations physically impossible; by locking up an additional sovereign, or its equivalent in uncoined bullion, for every additional note issued. Over-issues are thus prevented, and the exhaustion of our bullion, with its ultimate consequence—namely, the practical inconvertibility of Bank-notes—is put out of the category of possible calamities. In short, the amount of the whole circulation is at every moment precisely what it would be if such a thing as a Bank-note had never been heard of.

Mr. NEWMARCH is dissatisfied with this doctrine, and has set up a counter theory of his own, which, so far as anything definite can be made out of his evidence, appears to amount to this. In the first place, he asserts that the price of commodities—or, what is the same thing, the value of coin—is wholly independent of the amount of the circulation. To this he adds, that it is needless to devise checks against an over issue of notes, because, according to his philosophy, an excessive issue is an impossibility under any system, or at any rate under any system which recognises the convertibility of the Bank-note. Although these notions cannot be easily reconciled with the orthodox theory, it is remarkable that Mr. NEWMARCH does not expressly impugn any step in the reasoning which we have already stated. He struggled hard before the Committee to avoid a direct collision with doctrines which can only be refuted by overthrowing the whole basis on which the science of political economy and our recent free-trade policy rest for their justification. When hard pressed, indeed, by Sir F. BARING, Sir C. WOOD, and other members of the Committee, he admitted every separate position of the theory we have stated, as a matter of theory; but at the same time he maintained that the actual facts did not agree with it, and that what really happened differed, for some unaccountable reason, from what ought to happen. Acknowledging that an increase in our stock of bullion must, *ceteris paribus*, diminish its exchangeable value, he denied that it ever did so; and while he recognised the inevitable consequences of an over issue of notes, he contrived to persuade himself that an over issue never had occurred, and never could occur, under any system whatever.

When a man avowedly sets alleged facts in direct opposition to reasoning which he does not attempt to answer, one is tempted at once to suspect that the discrepancy arises from some error in his observations. If any one were to prove from returns that a scanty harvest at home had no tendency to raise the price of corn and bring us a store from other countries, we should scarcely think it worth while to scrutinize the evidence in favour of such an impossibility; but if we took the trouble to do so, we should be certain to find that it was not the facts, after all, but the misreading of them, that had led to the paradox. This is just what has befallen Mr. NEWMARCH in his currency speculations. He reiterates again and again in his evidence that, in spite of theory, the prices of commodities have nothing to do with the amount of money in the country, and that it is all a myth to say that the increased value of bullion in consequence of its scarcity is the force which tends to restore it to its natural level.

The supposed facts alleged in support of this singular notion are not only inaccurately stated, but, even if strictly true, would be utterly irrelevant. For the sake of argument, we will say nothing about the way in which Mr. NEWMARCH has picked from the returns a figure here and there that seemed to countenance his views. We will assume for the moment that he is a philosophical seeker after truth who has arrayed his facts with the strictest impartiality. Granting him all the materials on which he relies, his argument will be found to rest on two palpable fallacies. In support of his first position, that prices are not affected by the amount of the circulation, he asserts, as the result of very considerable research, that a marked rise in prices is generally synchronous with a fall in the circulation, and a fall in prices with a rise in the circulation. There is a latent fallacy in this statement arising from the peculiar sense in which Mr. NEWMARCH uses the term "circulation." He understands by it what is sometimes most inappropriately termed the active

circulation—that is, the money in the pockets of the public, as distinguished from the reserve in the banking department of the Bank of England. Now no one has ever contended that the so-called active circulation alone is that by whose amount the relative value of coin and other articles is regulated. It is obvious, indeed, that prices, so far as they depend on the amount of the currency, will be governed by the whole amount which is available for making purchases; and that if at any time the reserves of the Bank are swelled by unusually large deposits, there will be so many more persons who have large balances standing to their credit either in Threadneedle-street or in some of the private banks which place their own reserves there. All these persons will, to the extent of their balances, have their capacity of purchasing increased; and if it be true that an increased fund available in the hands of buyers tends to lower prices, that effect must be looked for from the reserve of the Bank—at least as much as from the amount of money floating about in people's pockets. It is therefore quite possible that a rise in the so-called active circulation may be coincident with a fall in the whole circulation; and whenever that occurred, Mr. NEWMARCH's facts would not be inconsistent with the received theory.

But this is far from being the whole of the fallacy concealed in the inference which he would suggest. Prices fluctuate from a variety of causes, of which the quantity of the circulation is only one. A deficient harvest raises the price of all kinds of food, and is generally followed by some exportation of bullion in the purchase of foreign corn. The fact of the currency being thus diminished, tends, so far as it goes, to diminish the prices of all commodities, corn included; but if it is not sufficient wholly to counteract the natural effect of the scantiness of the harvest, Mr. NEWMARCH will immediately seize upon the circumstance as evidence that a contracted circulation is the natural accompaniment of a rise in prices. The argument is precisely the same as that of a man who should gravely say that he had observed that an extensive use of medicines generally synchronised with prevalent sickness, and should thence infer that the remedies were themselves the cause of the evil. There is yet another consideration which would of itself destroy the pertinence of Mr. NEWMARCH's facts. It must be confessed that the common way of stating the true doctrine gives a handle to subtle objectors. When it is said that a scarcity of coin lowers prices, and thus attracts gold from abroad, only one part, and that the smaller part, of the truth is exhibited. Money is used for two purposes—as the means of making purchases, and as the medium for effecting loans of capital. When money gets scarce, the amount used in buying commodities, or that employed in the loan market, or both, must be reduced. In the former case, prices fall—in the latter, discounts rise. Either of these results will tempt money from abroad; but in point of fact, the loan market is more sensitive than the general sale markets of the country, and the natural correction is afforded by an alteration in the rate of interest on commercial advances more rapidly than by any very noticeable variation in prices. Add to this, that it is impossible to discern a general rise or fall in the prices of all kinds of commodities—disguised as it is by the special variations in the supply of each—until the change is very considerable; and it will then not be surprising if a derangement in the currency should occur, and correct itself mainly through the influence of the loan market, before an observer, even so acute as Mr. NEWMARCH, can discover its operation on the range of prices in general. One more remark will add still further to the force of these considerations, and that is, that the rapidity with which a change in the value of money operates upon the transactions of intelligent merchants, is so great as often to anticipate the corrective influence of a variation in the range of prices or the rate of discount. The very perfection with which the correction acts conceals its influence; and instead of a contracted currency followed by a fall in prices, and, at a still later epoch, by a renewed influx of gold, the three operations are sometimes so nearly simultaneous as to make it difficult for the observer to trace them.

Every one knows the theory of the "governor" of a steam-engine. If the work to be done suddenly diminishes, the engine goes faster, the governor rises and cuts off the steam, and so the engine gets back to about its former rate. If this went on slowly and clumsily, any one could see it; but the machine works so perfectly that the acceleration is checked before it has been sufficient to catch the eye of an observer. At the same time, there are other causes, such as

an increase in the heat of the furnaces, which produce slow variations in the rate at which the engine works; and a man who did nothing but note down the pace of the engine and the position of the governor from time to time, would find that just when the governor appeared to be acting most energetically, the engine was going with its most excessive speed. He would be very foolish to infer from this that the governor was inoperative; and Mr. NEWMARCH is, we think, equally unwise when he suggests that, because he has found high prices with a low circulation, therefore the theoretical influence of a contraction in the currency is all a delusion.

Mr. NEWMARCH's other position is equally untenable. He says that the Bank of England could not issue in excess even without the restriction of the Act of 1844. He rests this opinion on the undoubted fact that, if the Bank Directors choose, by lowering their rate of discount below the market rate, to force out more notes in advances on commercial securities, nearly all the money so put out in the morning would find its way back by the evening in the form of deposits, and the notes in the hands of the public would not be materially increased. But Mr. NEWMARCH wholly forgets that such an operation, though it would not increase what he terms the active circulation, would add the full amount of the extra advances to the private balances of some one or other. There would therefore be more available money in the market than the equilibrium of the exchanges required. It would become profitable to export gold, and whether with or without the Act of 1844, the notes would be exchanged for gold for exportation. Under the Act, these notes would immediately be cancelled—the circulation would fall to its former level—and the reserve of the banking department would be so much reduced that a return to the legitimate rate of interest would be forced on the Directors. Under the old system, the Bank might re-issue the notes again and again till all its gold was gone. It is possible that during the whole operation the circulation outside the Bank might never remain considerably in excess for more than a day together, on account of the rapidity with which the over issue would be followed by the increase of deposits and the export of bullion; but it is a strange argument to contend that, because an over issue does its evil work with fatal speed, therefore it is a mischief which cannot occur, and need not be guarded against. A drop of prussic acid may be taken, may cause death, and finally evaporate in a few hours. Would any one say that because he could never detect the poison in the system of the victim, it was idle to beware of it? Yet this is Mr. NEWMARCH's argument. Over issues very rapidly come back—therefore they need not be feared, although they may in the mean time have stimulated an unnatural, and therefore pernicious drain of gold.

Those who are curious as to the actual statistics will find in Lord OVERSTONE's evidence enough to satisfy them, not merely that Mr. NEWMARCH's theory is baseless, but that even on the bare facts he is very far from accurate. But as his allegations are irrelevant, as well as incorrect, we have not thought it worth while ourselves to enter on a contest of figures and returns, and are quite willing to give him any or all of the specific facts on which he relies. We may add, moreover, that even if his theory were true, it would prove, not that the Bank Act was mischievous, but simply that it was unnecessary. He has other objections to it, however, which go much further than this; but they are independent of his theoretical heresy, and as the same ideas have been expressed by Mr. MILL with his usual felicity of diction, we shall find it both easier and pleasanter to consider them in connexion with the evidence which he gave before the Committee.

THE FAST DAY AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Fast Day of Wednesday has unquestionably answered its purpose. There is something solemn and affecting in such a spectacle. Odd, inconsistent, irreducible to order or form, with more of purpose than of pomp, yet there is in the aggregate what tells. To strangers, indeed, or to mere bystanders and critics, the question presents itself whether, with such an amount of general feeling, and so much real sympathy, more could not have been done in the way of public and formal celebration. But this is not our English way either in religious or in secular things. Not that the English mind abhors, as is commonly said, the stately and formal aspect of a public ceremonial. The Duke of WELINGTON's funeral, and the opening of the Exhibition of 1851,

and of the Crystal Palace, and other recent spectacles of that sort, prove that Englishmen, like other civilized nations, delight in the orderly, the ceremonious, and the formal. But in religion the thing is suspected. It is somehow the common feeling of the Englishman that he had rather be thought irreligious than that his neighbours should catch him unawares in a religious practice or attitude. And so, according to our custom, we all went to church, just in the common way—everybody to his parish church; and there were a few more prayers than usual, and, for once, a new and original sermon. In any other country than England, a State celebration would have had something of State observance. A Royal Proclamation, and the QUEEN and Court not going to church—the Bishop of the diocese still ruralizing in the Highlands—the metropolitan Cathedral “served” only by the canon in residence—all this does not quite fulfil the notion of a public solemnity. The ARCHBISHOP is, as usual, nowhere; and the ecclesiastical notables generally prefer the closet form of intercession. But the *Times* fills nearly twenty-six columns with heads, and tails, and extracts, and texts of unnumbered sermons delivered in the metropolis.

A few more prayers were said than usual, and oh that the good ARCHBISHOP had the art of easy writing what should be easy praying! Among the arts in which the ancients certainly excel the moderns, that of composing prayers stands very prominent. It is not for us to criticize the sentiment of these occasional prayers; but certainly they seem to follow a vicious model, or rather they scarcely read like prayers at all. We must say a somewhat strong thing, but they hardly seem to recognise Him to Whom they are addressed. Prayer, we thought, was addressed to Him who hears prayer; but Wednesday's religious observations look very much as if they were addressed to the people. They might do for sermon hints, or skeleton meditations—they read, on the whole, much like, a meagre abstract of a Sunday homily, with an occasional touch of a leading article, and now and then a reminiscence of a speech at a charity meeting. But prayer, judging at least from the Prayer-Book, is quite another thing. Even in a literary aspect, these occasional Forms might be better than they are. They are not conceived or expressed in that rhythmical and modulated form which distinguishes the Prayer-Book model. They lack the cadence, and the antithetical balanced rise and fall, to which our ears are accustomed. And then, not to speak of their length, the evident anxiety to embody all the popular aspects and commonplaces of the case is more ingenious than impressive. At any rate we should hardly have expected that confusion of grammar, ranging from the first to the third persons, which, though characteristic of a lady's note, is scarcely to be looked for in an archiepiscopal composition.

As to the sermons, the mere fact that nearly a whole number of the *Times* is devoted to them, shows the general interest which the Fast Day called forth. Charity prevents our criticism on the terrible nonsense placed by the reporters in the mouths of those clergymen who did not send their abstracts to Printing House Square; and good feeling forbids us to be severe on some of the sense, quite as intolerable, which came from those more provident divines who undoubtedly did furnish brief accounts to the reporters. We can quite understand that the British pulpit, in its metropolitan development, was very fairly represented on Wednesday; but we do not forget Fox's canon:—“Does so-and-so's printed speech read well? If it does, be sure that it was a bad one.” Among the best sermons, we dare say, were some which do not figure in the daily journals. At any rate, it speaks well for the general tone and earnestness of the English mind, that we can fill a whole newspaper with such a staple; and we may adduce, among other curious proofs of the general interest, that the little *gamins* who deal in penny newspapers found it worth their while to ply at the railway stations and at the omnibus doors throughout Tuesday, with “*Evening Star*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Form of Prayer*—only one penny.”

The specialty of the day—to be classed with the obvious advertisement of Cremorne and Highbury Barn proprietors “devoting their proceeds to the Indian sufferers”—was SPURGEON, at the Crystal Palace. An assembly—we cannot say a congregation—of more than 20,000 is at least an exception in the history of homiletics. Worship in the congenial company of Aphrodite Callipyges is also a novelty; and the associations of the presence of the gods of Greece and the grim demons of Assyria and Egypt, might have suggested a topic which the “Rev. orator”

did not address to his "animated and enthusiastic audience," as the reporters phrase it. Altogether, the Fast Day must have been a Godsend to all parties concerned at Sydenham, if, at least, God had anything to do with it; for the receipts from 22,000 people amount to 1100*l.*, and, abating the donation of 200*l.* made by the Directors, they netted 900*l.* by the day's work. The preacher's honorarium must be deducted; and, judging from a recent police report, and the gardeners and coachman, and staff of domestics which the modern Apostle keeps, we should say that popular preaching pays. The labourer of course is worthy of his hire, and he is quite right to make hay while the sun of popularity is shining. Only Mr. SPURGEON'S Clapham establishment contrasts, to say the least of it, with JOHN WESLEY'S return of six silver tea-spoons to the old Plate-tax assessment, as oddly as do the Crystal Palace homiletics, and the sermon addressed to the genteel holiday folk at a shilling a-head with WHITFIELD and his colliers at Kingswood. As to the preacher, we have not a word to say. It is a mere question of taste and religious propriety whether "a minister" should hire himself as an extra attraction, in company with the fountains, the veal-pie and lobster-salads, and the flower-pots and æsthetics of the Sydenham show; and as to taste and religious sense, Mr. SPURGEON is above or below our poor judgment. But we have a word or two to say to the Directors of an institution which claims to be national. They, at least, are bound to recognise public opinion; and unquestionably their investment in Mr. SPURGEON is a mere speculation, and answers as such. They openly profess to unite God and Mammon—fasting and a dividend—religion and a jolly day in the country. They invite people to humble themselves by a pleasant holiday in the midst of all that is pleasant and enjoyable—to confess their sins amidst all the luxuries and treasures of nature and art—to practise self-denial in the dining saloon, and to express sympathy with the widow and fatherless in a place of popular amusement. The Directors of the Manchester Exhibition acted both more wisely and more decently; but while the theatres were closed, the Crystal Palace was open. We have another reason for protesting against this move, besides that connected with the desecration of what claims to be a religious service. We strongly protest against the attempt to combine religious dissipation with secular amusement. We have argued repeatedly against that Sabatarian view which proscribes relaxation, picture galleries, and even the Crystal Palace on Sunday. But if it be intended to turn the Crystal Palace into a preaching shop—admission one shilling—and to urge Mr. SPURGEON'S 22,000 congregation as a ground for opening it on Sunday for mixed purposes, we part company with the advocates of that proposal. Let the Crystal Palace fulfil its function—a useful and proper one—which is to amuse and instruct. But it must not be turned into a preaching house. The religious and secular idea equally revolts at this as a profanation, and a hindrance to good ends which never can be combined. Public opinion and remonstrance compelled the Government to appoint the Fast Day on Wednesday instead of Sunday, in order that there might be more humiliation in the matter, and to prevent the possibility of a Christian festival being turned into a fast-day. The Crystal Palace Directors have inverted the problem, and have shown how to turn a fast-day into an occasion of mere amusement; but one thing they will certainly fail in doing—they will not succeed in opening their show on Sundays, on the pretext of finding some SPURGEON to give a sermon by way of preparation for the otherwise very proper amusements of their speculation. Both "the religious public" and such as ourselves will be united against this dodge of the dividend-hunters. The Crystal Palace is already trembling in financial difficulties—an engagement of SPURGEON can but precipitate its fall—and SPURGEON'S also. We have too much respect for the great cause of Sunday recreation to attempt to win it by the instrumentality of one who, under any circumstances, can pitch his perambulating pulpit at Sydenham.

HINTS FROM HAMBURG.

AUTUMN brings of course its fevers, and opens wills, as it did in the days of HORACE; and though probably cholera and malaria were in name unknown—at least were unsung—by the sacred poet, yet it is most certain that Rome could never have been Rome without its premonitory symptoms. And yet Rome in mythical times did what London

in a very historical age cannot do. We have not yet managed our *Cloaca maxima*, and till this is done we must say that Mr. COWPER'S jeremiads are nothing to the purpose. The "precautionary advice to the Local Boards of Health" sounds, as far as London is concerned, much like a prophet's warning. It is couched in that dispirited, and we must say disheartening language, which reads so much like a warning for form's sake. And it is this, and nothing but this. The root of the unhealthiness, such as it is, of London, is too deep for local management. Advocates as we are for constitutional government, we do not see that anything short of a pure despotism will do for the municipal and social security of the metropolis. We want a tyrant, who must answer, as all tyrants do, for tolerable good government at the peril of his head. We care not what imperial sway is accorded to Mr. COWPER, or to any other dictator; but we are quite sick of Metropolitan Boards, and District Health Officers, and Local Superintendents. The only Act on the subject which really works well is the Common Lodging Houses Act; and its legitimate result, the Bill for Preventing the Crowding of Dwelling Houses, was rejected at the instigation of the metropolitan members, because it interfered with an Englishman's right of turning his castle into a pigsty and of creating at his will a laboratory for cholera and other epidemics. The Smoke Prevention Act is carried out only by the partial and unequal interference of tardy and reluctant officialism; and in almost every case, delinquents beg off and tide over the imperative duty of cleanliness. Where, as in the London parishes, common nuisances can only be suppressed by neighbours and friends becoming common informers and doing the work of the law, it is no wonder that it is practically a dead letter. The result is that, after a quarter of a century's experience of cholera, with a knowledge of its laws almost as accurate and precise as that which we have of the solar system, we are pretty much where we started. The General Board of Health, speaking through its President, Mr. COWPER, can only refer to the very alphabet of social and sanitary science. He is now compelled to warn the affiliated local authorities that cholera always follows bad drainage, bad ventilation, crowded dwellings, and an impure and insufficient water supply.

And if this is all—if, after twenty-five years' experience, we are practically as much at sea as in 1832—it is high time to inquire whether we cannot force people not to breed pestilence. The astounding proposition, emanating from the highest authority, to purify the Thames by constructing two huge open ditches—just repeating the Fleet and the Effra, exaggerated a hundredfold in volume and depth of putrid abomination—leads us simply to despair of all present capabilities. The question now is, whether London is not to be forced into self-preservation. What is done is only valuable as showing what may be done, and as an exhortation to account nothing done till everything is done. *Nil reputans actum dum quid superesset agendum.* The fact that a single factory chimney eats its own smoke, and that even a solitary manufacturing chemist has been obliged to stop his ammoniacal odours, ought to have been decisive. But we want no returns while we have the testimony of our eyes and noses—the only statistics we care about are those supplied by our own senses. We still see the smoke from a thousand tall chimneys. We have travelled—and we yet live to chronicle the fact—by the South Eastern and South Western Railways. Lambeth and Bermondsey, in spite of six appearances of Mr. BODKIN per annum to enforce "the Nuisance Removal Act"—which appearances always seem to end in giving the defendant time—are the Lambeth and Bermondsey of ten years ago; and the Thames is what the Thames was, only that every month makes it more abominable and more dangerous.

The cholera, it seems, is at Hamburg; but the announcement only reminds us that when TITUS was before Jerusalem, JOHN and the Zealots were battling in the streets. It is the same old story. Mr. THWAITES' Parliament is just returning after its six weeks' recess—returning to its work of talk. And, so we read in the journal which devotes itself to the sacred cause of chronicling their annals, the Marylebone Vestry is very busy in settling whether its Visiting Committees ought or ought not to eat—and if to eat, whether to drink—and if to drink, whether pale ale or porter—and if either, how much, at the parish expense. And the St. Pancras guardians are hard at work on the vital subject of the Beadle's livery, or some equally weighty local dispute. But we shall be

assured that sanitary concerns do not belong to the Metropolitan Board, or to the local Vestries. This is precisely our complaint. It is perfectly absurd to suppose that the inhabitants of a street will combine to prosecute some wealthy bone boiler, or some influential glue maker in the next court. They cannot afford to affront a useful man in the parish. The clergyman, with an eye to local charities, cannot afford to do it. The overseers cannot appear against a brother and a local magnate. The district medical officer finds that practice does not increase if he helps to destroy the convenient head quarters of choleraic diarrhoea, and a pretty perennial typhus. And the gentlemen at Whitehall can only preach. Like fashionable rectors, their vocation is not to visit in the distant courts and alleys. All that they can do is to issue, as they have done, a solemn budget of "precautionary advice." No doubt it is needed. We have had a summer of unexampled beauty; and a continuance of uninterrupted fine weather almost for three months is perhaps the very condition in which cholera most delights. The ditches and drains have been stagnant for a long period—no healthy and periodical storm-floods have carried off their feculent deposits. A whole mass of rotting vegetation and intercepted sewage has been quietly festering; and when some sudden change in temperature brings down a violent flood on the choked channels and sewers which have to do in a day a month's work, they are unequal to their duty, or rather to the extra work thrown upon them. Putrefaction and decomposition go on rapidly, and we have an epidemic; and, what perhaps is a worse contingency, if even all the District Boards of Health are summoned by a sudden emergency into a relapse from their hibernation, or rather estivation, they may do more harm than good. Few things are more dangerous than a sudden and violent attack on accumulations of pestilential materials. There have been many instances of an epidemic actually generated by a sudden attack, made in a moment of panic, on the accumulated sewage. Sanitary measures, to succeed, must be systematic and precautionary—the health officers must always be doing, but must never be doing everything at once.

A single expression in Mr. COWPER'S "precautionary advice" is significant. It points at the general vice of the present system:—"The Officer of Health (where one has been appointed), it is to be expected, will inquire," &c. "Where one has been appointed!" As though, at this time of day, there ought to be a single district or parish in which he has not long since not only been appointed, but actively at work! It is expected, too, that he will inquire; but what the country expects and demands is, not only that he will inquire, but that somebody will enforce. We have had more than enough of permissive enactments. Compulsory legislation, and that of the most stringent kind, alone will meet the case. These letters of precautionary advice only prove one thing, which is, that the General Board of Health either neglects its duties—which we do not assert—or ought to be armed with larger powers. All that common sense can conclude is, that to establish a Metropolitan Board, with powers to do nothing except under the permission of the Chief Commissioner of Works—to appoint a Chief Commissioner, with only a veto, which he must exercise to show that he earns his salt—and to appoint a Board of Health, with a President who has no connexion with either the Metropolitan Board or the Commissioners, and with no authority over local Boards, who owe no responsibilities to anybody—is too much like playing with the lives and health of the community.

VOLUNTEER CORPS.

WE published last week some observations upon the methods which might be adopted for recruiting the regular army, and we expressed a strong opinion that the only really efficient way of accomplishing the object was to increase, in some form or other, the inducements to enlist. We do not, however, think that this is the only way in which the consideration and popularity of the military profession may be increased, or in which the armed force of the country may, on an emergency, be rendered more efficient. The permanent and general establishment of volunteer corps would, in our opinion, tend very strongly, though indirectly, to the promotion of these results. It is indispensable to a fair consideration of such schemes that their true object should be kept in mind. It is their essential characteristic that they aim at providing for such extraordinary emergencies as invasion or insurrection, by giving to a large body of men a certain tincture of military knowledge and habits; and they have absolutely no connexion with schemes the object of which is to provide convenient arrangements for re-

cruiting the regular army, or for discharging its routine and pacific duties in time of war. This is the use to which we put the militia, as at present established; but if we are to set on foot a system of volunteering, we can only succeed by bearing in mind that we are engaged upon something quite unlike any of our existing institutions. That the scheme is in itself perfectly feasible we entertain no doubt at all. The usual objections to it are that volunteering is only playing at soldiers—that nothing but long habits of obedience can give men the steadiness, the confidence in each other, and the habits of endurance necessary for the hardships and dangers of real war—and that volunteers would only embarrass manœuvres or encumber the hospitals. There can be no doubt that there are some purposes for which veteran troops are superior to all others, and that there are also purposes for which a very rigid discipline is absolutely necessary; but we do not think that either set of purposes are those for which volunteer corps would be required. It is perfectly true that history is full of the achievements of what it has become the fashion to call hardy veterans. Every schoolboy has heard of the Tenth Legion, the Ironsides, the Old Guard, and the Light Division; but these precedents do not by any means establish the doctrine that mere length of service improves the quality of the soldier. What the composition of the Tenth Legion may have been we do not know, but the distinctive character of the other corps which we have mentioned resulted principally from the fact that they were composed, not of old, but of picked soldiers. Very hard labour, great exposure, continual hardship, bad diet, and the like, may no doubt, here and there, fortify the constitution. There are men in whom latent powers of body are developed by such means, just as difficulties of another sort at times develop latent powers of mind; and if such men are collected into one corps, they will unquestionably be capable of great things. With the average, however, the case is very different. A man's first or second campaign is often better than those which follow. The officers of the corps may obtain greater experience, and its organization and equipment may be improved, but it is contrary both to common sense and to experience to suppose that mere length of service strengthens either the muscles or the nerves. Tacitus tells us that when the legions revolted against Germanicus, "*Quidam prensâ manu per speciem osculandi inseruerunt digitos, ut vacua dentibus ora contingeret, alii curvata senio membra ostentabant*;" and we all know that the courage of the troops who first saw fire when they won the battles of the Alma and Inkermann was neither more daring nor more steady when they were led to the assault of the Redan. The well-known boasts conveyed in the phrases that English troops are never braver than in their first battle, and that a French soldier cannot be too young, are quite as susceptible of a sarcastic as of a complimentary interpretation.

For these reasons we do not doubt that, as far as courage and physical strength are concerned, volunteer regiments would be quite capable of doing good service; but it may be objected that it would be impossible to subject them to the strict discipline which actual service requires. Now there are two distinct purposes for which strict discipline is required—one of which at least appears to us not to apply to volunteer corps, whilst, as regards the other, it might, we think, be imposed upon them. Strict discipline may mean, in the first place, careful education in all the mechanical part of a soldier's art—forming squares, lines, columns, loading and firing, advancing and retreating in order, and so forth—in a word, an intimate practical acquaintance with drill. With all due respect to the professors of these mysteries, we cannot help thinking that there can be nothing about them which could present any very serious difficulty to people of a certain degree of understanding, inasmuch as the most stupid ploughboy can always be instructed in them in the course of a few months. We must remember, also, that these arts are capable of being learnt on emergencies in a very short time indeed. In Napoleon's later campaigns, thousands upon thousands of conscripts were marched off as soon as they were levied, and drilled on the road, nor were they found to be at all too ignorant for their duties when put under the command of experienced officers. Strict discipline, in its more usual and more important sense, is a very different thing, and has a very different object. It means the acquisition of the military tone and cast of mind—the *esprit de corps*, the habits of strict subordination, unhesitating obedience, observance of the conventional rules of the regiment or garrison as to honour and morality, and so forth; and that this is indispensable to professional soldiers no one can deny. But the reason why it is indispensable is that a standing army is an anomalous, exceptional society, upon which the ordinary restraints of life act but weakly. A regiment without discipline in this sense of the word, will be in a lax unsatisfactory state; the men will not respect their officers, and will not care for each other; and having no other humanizing or restraining influences amongst them than those which discipline supplies, they will speedily become a disreputable, licentious mob, a nuisance to the community and to themselves. A volunteer corps would stand in far less need of any such artificial system of morality. Its members would be subject to all the ordinary restraints of civil life, and would have none of those special temptations to license which affect a large body of men living together without any admixture of women and children, and having on their hands a good deal of spare time.

Such are the general principles of the subject; but we are by no means left to mere speculation about it. We have many precedents which, to a certain extent, prove the usefulness of volunteer corps, though in each instance difficulties existed which do not apply to our own case. America, France, and Switzerland, each furnish us with a partial illustration. The American militia resemble volunteer corps in the circumstance that, though their service is compulsory, it is only nominally so—a trifling fine (never, we believe, exacted) being the only penalty for non-appearance. The amount of drill performed is, however, so small as to be of very little consequence. The mere enrolment and arming of so large a number of men has, nevertheless, considerable advantages. On the occasion of the English invasion in 1814, large numbers of militia were called out, and fought in several actions with great effect. The American forces at the battle of Bladenburg were, we believe, principally militiamen; and, with the advantage of an entrenchment less effective than many English hedges, they inflicted upon us the bloody repulse of New Orleans. It is remarkable that, besides the State militia, there are in America a certain number of real volunteer regiments, constituted on principles not unlike those of the Fire Companies of the large cities. One of these bodies lately preserved New York from utter anarchy by its interference in the celebrated struggle between the civic powers. The Swiss army is almost exactly what a system of volunteer corps might produce in England, except that the service is really and substantially compulsory. Every Swiss is a soldier liable to be called upon to serve when occasion requires; but for one month in every year he is a soldier in good earnest. He lives under canvas, and passes the day in drills, marches, and other military exercises. The only other discipline of Swiss soldiers consists in their familiarity with the use of the rifle—a familiarity which is spread through the whole country by those innumerable clubs whose targets and notices meet the eye of the traveller in every village he passes. That the army thus disciplined is very highly efficient, no one can doubt who remembers the resolution with which the Confederation repelled the pretensions of Louis Philippe on one occasion, and of Frederic William on another. The French Garde Mobile supplies one of the best illustrations of the occasional value of troops of a somewhat irregular description. We all remember not only the speed with which that force was raised and equipped, but the courage with which it fought in June, 1848. The most enthusiastic admirer of French valour will not think that we do it an injustice when we express our conviction that there is at least as much fiery daring and tenacious courage amongst young Englishmen as amongst young Frenchmen. The very games of English school-boys require resolution enough to expose them at times to the reproach of barbarism; and the reckless audacity with which, a few years later, the same persons disport themselves in hunting, climbing mountains, yachting, shooting wild beasts, and generally in picking out every excitement which is difficult or dangerous enough to discourage the rest of the world, has earned for us all over Europe the reputation of being a nation of madmen. Notwithstanding the worn-out cant which denies us the possession of military aptitude, we utterly disbelieve that Englishmen labour under any one mental or physical defect which can justify such an imputation.

Any one of the three precedents to which we have referred would establish the proposition that forces less disciplined than a regular standing army may be of the highest military value; but there are many special reasons which would make such a force peculiarly formidable in this country. It would, in the first place, be required only for internal defence or for the preservation of the peace. It would not, therefore, be necessary that its numerical strength should bear any very great proportion to the whole number of fighting men in the country. Being composed of volunteers, it would consist of men, to a certain extent, picked out from the rest, for no one would join it who had not some taste and capacity for athletic exercises. There would be no great difficulty, and no very embarrassing expense, in keeping such a force embodied for a month in the year, either continuously or from time to time, as the convenience of the members of the corps and the nature of their other occupations might require. In many regiments a whole month's continuous embodiment would probably be very easy. A large proportion, indeed, of the more affluent classes of society would greatly enjoy such a variation on the established autumnal holiday, and a few weeks' encampment at Aldershot or on Dartmoor would quicken the circulation and toughen the muscles not much less effectively than a Swiss or Scotch tour. The habits of that section of the community from which such a force would be recruited are anything but effeminate. Indeed we doubt whether they are not to the full as hardy as those of soldiers in barracks. Country gentlemen, the better kind of tenant farmers, and a very large proportion of the younger members of the mercantile and professional classes, would be only too glad to join in such a scheme; and they would, we do not at all doubt, form a force which, though it might not come up to the full standard of military criticism, would oppose a very formidable obstacle to any invader, and on an emergency set the whole of the regular army at liberty for foreign operations.

The convenience of such an institution would, however, be by no means limited to these very remote contingencies. Notwithstanding the perfect tranquillity which, as a general rule, exists

in this country, few years pass over without a certain number of riots, arising from local causes, which it is by no means an easy thing to put down so promptly as might be wished with our existing appliances. If, instead of the thirty or forty cowardly special constables who allowed Mr. Lowe to be all but murdered at the Kidderminster election, a few hundred picked men, in the vigour of life, accustomed to act together and to obey orders, had been available, a very brutal and discreditable scene would have been prevented. Only a few days ago, two sets of ruffians were tried at Glasgow, and sentenced to severe and well-merited punishment, for disgraceful riots at Airdrie and on Paisley race-course. There is hardly a large country town in which, during severe seasons, there are not bread riots, or in which English and Irish navvies do not sometimes get up a faction fight. Not very long ago, a regular battle of this kind took place near Merthyr Tydvil; and some years since, Penzance was absolutely threatened with destruction by a mob of miners. The ordinary police force are, of course, insufficient to deal with affairs of this kind—to employ soldiers is repugnant to all our principles—it takes some time to collect yeomanry, and their discretion cannot always be relied upon when they are collected. An infantry force personally connected with, and known at, the scene of riot, would probably be at once more serviceable and more humane, and would at any rate remedy what is certainly a defect, if not a very serious one, in our institutions.

MANIN.

OF the few personal reputations that were made in the disastrous year which followed the Revolution of February, none have been higher or more deserved than that of Daniel Manin. The recent death of this very remarkable man at Paris has given occasion to some of our French contemporaries to pay a tribute to his memory, and the Government has been above the petty jealousy of interfering to prevent the expression of a richly-merited esteem. The few facts that form the outline of Manin's biography may be found in the Appendix to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where he is judged with sincere admiration, though with rather too much of that patronizing wisdom which is furnished at so cheap a rate by the knowledge of what has actually happened.

Daniel Manin was born in 1804, and has died therefore in the prime of life. Throughout, he has shown the same character. He was a man the opposite of all that we associate with the stock notion of an Italian revolutionist—grave, sober, moderate, a lover of law, a zealous supporter of order. He was never mixed up with any of the secret societies. A legislator by profession, it was his aim to combat Austria with legal weapons, and wring from her none but pacific victories. He seized on the weaknesses of the Imperial Government, and made a handle of the laws which Austria herself had nominally granted without permitting them actually to be put in force. He asked for a separate Government for Venice and Lombardy, a revision of codes, an annual budget, freedom of worship and of the press. "Here," says the writer in the *Deux Mondes*, "lay the whole policy of Manin; it consisted in recognising Austria in order to combat with it, and to compel it by a pacific agitation to introduce changes which could have no other effect than to inflame the mind of Italy." The Revolution of 1848 found Manin in prison; and as he was detained illegally, he refused to be set free by the populace, and would only leave his place of detention on a decision of the Tribunal. He was immediately placed at the head of affairs, and made Dictator of the Republic which was proclaimed a month afterwards.

Venice was but slightly bound up with the rest of revolutionary Italy. It had been a republic for centuries, and had only been thrown into the gulf of Austrian despotism by the sweeping changes of the wars of Napoleon. That it should seek to regain its traditional independence under a leader who accidentally bore the name of the last of its Doges, was perfectly natural, if there was but a hope of success to brighten the horrors of the struggle. That it stood a year's siege against the power of Austria was a great feat of resolution and courage, and has won for the Venetians, even in Austria, a feeling of genuine respect. It was to Manin that the protraction of the defence was chiefly due. He maintained order in the administration of affairs, suppressed anarchy in the city, met the incessant and varying demands of a populace equally unused to arms and unprepared to suffer the distresses of a siege, and gave Venice, in the eyes of Europe, something of the dignity and respectability of a settled government. And he showed that he possessed the true and unselfish wisdom which prefers the substance to the shadow, for when he found that Venice could not support itself singly, he was content that it should be absorbed in Piedmont, if by that means Italy could be preserved to the Italians. When the Piedmontese were obliged to suspend the war, he re-assumed the power which fell from their hands, and himself carried on to the end the struggle in his own city. He had the honour of continuing the contest long after it had elsewhere ceased; and although the issue could not be doubtful, we can hardly say that the efforts of the Venetians were useless, for they tended more perhaps than anything else to redeem the Italians generally from the reputation of a short-lived valour and a halting policy, for which many of the events of 1848 furnished, unhappily, considerable grounds.

After the capitulation of Venice, in 1849, Manin retired to France, where he lived a quiet and retired life. In spite of all,

he was still full of hope. He occupied himself in making appeals to his countrymen to rally round the House of Savoy, provided the Sovereigns of Piedmont would show themselves really in earnest for the common cause. He displayed in this, as in all the great actions of his life, a simple and single-hearted goodness.

He was one of those revolutionists who aim only at what is practicable, and who are ready to sacrifice themselves and their prepossessions to the achievement of what really lies within their grasp, however limited that may be. It is only because such revolutionists are so few, and because the incessant action of despotism tends to make them continually fewer, that revolutions fail, and despotism endures. The contrast between the recent conduct of Mazzini and that of Manin is so obvious, that it is hardly worth while to praise Manin at the expense of the man who lately made the foolish and fatal attack on the sovereignty of Sardinia. As, however, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* institutes the comparison, we have nothing to do but to concur in its observations. But as we have borrowed so much from the *Deux Mondes*, we cannot conclude without expressing our dissent from the language it holds respecting the other revolutionary attempts in Italy. It seems to us simply absurd to say that "the Republic at Rome was the subversion of the world; the Republic of Manin was only a form of the independence of Italy." There is great injustice and rashness in such antithetical epigrams. The inhabitants of Rome had every reason to revolt which can justify a revolution; but they had the misfortune to be under the dominion of a Prince whom it was the interest of the then existing Government of France to support, in order to conciliate the favour of the priests. Nor is there less injustice to individuals than to a cause in such a latitude of abuse. If Manin, in the latter years of his life, conciliated the esteem of the Parisians, we in England have given a welcome equally cordial, and founded on a sense of personal merit equally deep, to one of the Roman triumvirs. It is a small but a very curious and significant episode in the revolutionary history of Italy, that the University of Oxford, so long the type and fountain-head of the stiffest decorum and most straitlaced respect for constituted authorities, should have created a new office of instruction, in order to attach to its body the reputation, the historical associations, and the high personal qualities of Professor Saffi.

SAXON IDEAS OF ANGLO-SAXON MANNERS.

GERMANS have the reputation of being among the best informed of nations. The learning of their learned men is proverbial, and their very peasants' children must go to school unless the parents prefer to go to prison. On the other hand, we flatter ourselves that there are few things better known, or better worth knowing, than England and English institutions. It may therefore be interesting to some of our readers to ascertain the ideas concerning English laws and manners which German dramatists entertain, and which German audiences calmly swallow. Every theatre represents pretty exactly the ideas of the class that frequents it. The dramas of the Surrey side reflect with accuracy the extent of historical knowledge prevalent among the ten-pound householders; while, on the other hand, all the learning and research of English antiquaries have been put into requisition to furnish the theatrical properties of Macready and Kean. The German text, therefore of Flotow's *Martha*, as produced at the principal theatre in Dresden, may be accepted as a fair picture of the current notions of an educated German concerning the manners and customs of England as it was.

The date of the action of the piece is Queen Anne's reign. Lord Tristan Mickleford, her Master of the Horse and Captain of the Pages, and also a member of Parliament, burns with an ardent but unrequited flame for Lady Harriet Durham, one of her maids of honour. The play opens with a morning call from him, in which, to recommend his suit, he proposes various English sports for her morning's amusement. He runs through them *seriatim*—cock-fighting, donkey-riding, horse-racing, tilting, bear-baiting; but she is cruel, and declines them all. Just then they hear outside the noise of Richmond fair—an institution peculiar to that town, in which the maidens of the surrounding country come to be hired by the farmers; the rule of the fair being that when the earnest-money is once received, the maiden is irrevocably bound to a year's service. The young lady and her *confidante* insist that Lord Tristan shall accompany them in disguise to the fair, under the plebeian name of "Bob." In vain he indignantly exclaims, "Ich! ein Lord!"—they will take no refusal. Forth the party sally accordingly; but no sooner have the young ladies arrived there than they are accosted by two farmers, who wish to hire them, and offer, as a bait, "porter-beer" on Sundays, and plum pudding on New Year's day; and before the young ladies quite know what they are about, they have taken the earnest-money, and are irrevocably bound for a year. The next scene opens in the dwelling of these two farmers, who are in vain trying to induce their very unserviceable handmaids to do a little work. It ends, however, in one of them, named Lyonel, falling in love with the disguised Lady Harriet. Fortunately Lord Tristan pursues the farmers, makes a burglarious entry into the house after the family have retired, and lets the two young ladies out of one of the windows. The farmers awake, find out the theft, and set off at midnight, with the whole *posse comitatus* of the farm, in pursuit of the fugitive housemaids. If the farmers of Queen Anne's time had only had American experience to guide them, no doubt they would have employed bloodhounds. As it was, the game naturally escaped.

The next scene is in a wood. The Queen and all her Court are out hunting—what, we are never able to discover. But, as a preliminary to the arrival of the hunters, we are presented with a party of farmers, who apparently have selected the hunting ground for a genuine British carouse. They are introduced in the act of celebrating the merits of "Porter-beer," in lines of which the following is a close translation. The principal singer is one of the farmers from whom the two young ladies have escaped:—

Now mark me well!
Pray can you tell
What to our land,
Our British strand,
Gives all its strength?
Eh?
It is the potent Elixir—
It is the juicy Porter-beer—
That moves John Bull through damp and mist,
O'er land and sea to fight of fist! (Boxerkampf.)
Hurrah for Hops!
Hurrah for Malt!
They are our being's
Root and Salt. &c. &c.

No sooner is this song concluded, than Lady Harriet's *confidante* appears on the stage with a troop of "huntresses," all in hunting costume. Now a hunting English lady—or, indeed, an active English lady of any kind—has always been an unfathomable mystery to a foreigner; and therefore, whenever he allows himself to contemplate it, his imagination invests it with the wildest colours. In the present instance, our author's notion of an English lady's equipment for the hunting-field is unique. It consists of a bare head, a green velvet jacket, a yellow satin petticoat, white kid gloves, and a harpoon in her hand. What species of animal these Dianas were intended to kill with this peculiar weapon, it is rather hard to make out. One can only suppose that some faint notion of the whale-fishery as a great field of English industry must have floated through the author's mind. However, the farmer who had been eulogizing "porter-beer" stands aghast, as well he may, at this strange apparition of his quondam maid-of-all-work in yellow satin and harpoon. But, spite of the oddity of her apparel, he thinks the opportunity is not to be lost, and attempts to carry her off then and there—doubtless according to the statute in that case made and provided. The huntresses, however, are too much for him—they lay their harpoons in rest, and hunt him off the stage. Next appears Lyonel, who seems to have selected the same wood for a solitary constitutional, and is discovered mourning over the pangs of love and the inconstancy of maids-of-all-work. As a matter of course, Lady Harriet chances to be walking that way too, and a love-scene ensues. It is, however, as they say in the East country, love deformed, or all of one side; for she is very much frightened at being detected in her unlucky frolic, and professes not to know him. A lively conversation follows, in which she calls him "knecht," and he calls her "vulgar maiden." She cries out for assistance. Lord Tristan comes to her aid, and, in exercise of a power which the Constitution seems at that time to have vested in the younger sons of Dukes and Marquises, but which it has since unhappily withdrawn, at once sends Lyonel off to prison, where he is put in heavy irons. But at this juncture a critical discovery is made. There was always a mystery hanging over Lyonel's birth; and it now turns out that his father was "the Earl of Derby, the guiltless exile, whom men too late recognised as a sage adviser and his country's friend." Lyonel, therefore, who makes love to pretty housemaids at midnight, and afterwards insults a maid of honour in a wood, is no less a person than—we beg pardon for mentioning so respectable a name in such a connexion—Lord Stanley. After this discovery, Lady Harriet, in the most ample manner, apologizes for her past conduct, and at once proposes to him, and sugars the proposal by coupling it with the presentation of a patent, in which the Queen restores him to the honours of the House of Derby. At first he rejects both the peerage and the lady, being a little sore at his unceremonious incarceration; but at last his resentment is overcome, everybody is made happy, except Lord Tristan, and the curtain falls.

We cannot take leave of *Martha* without expressing our surprise that Flotow's singularly gay and sprightly music is entirely unknown to the English stage. To high art, of course, it makes no pretension; but that can offer little objection in dealing with a public taste which adores Verdi, and swallows even Halévy without a wry face. The reason that used to be always given for the scantiness of our repertoire was, that Madame Grisi declined to learn any more; but that reason can hardly be valid now.

REVIEWS.

CRANIA BRITANNICA.*

WE drew attention, some months ago, to the first decade of this truly national work. It promised to give a scientific history of our British and Saxon forefathers. We are now in a position to judge more fully of the way in which the authors are

* *Crania Britannica: Delineations and Descriptions of the Skulls of the Aboriginal and Early Inhabitants of the British Islands, together with Notices of their other Remains.* By J. B. Davis, M.R.C.S., F.S.A., &c., and J. Thurnam, M.D., F.S.A., &c. Decade II. Printed for J. B. Davis, Shelton, Staffordshire.

redeeming their pledge. There seemed some reason to fear that men whose specialty was physical science might find themselves at a disadvantage when they came to grapple with archaeological problems. Nothing in this respect can, however, be more satisfactory than the present number. It shows so much good sense and quiet research in stating the evidence of ancient historians, that all who wish for a good summary of our present knowledge on these subjects will do well to examine the pages of *Crania Britannica* in preference to those of Hume, or Lingard, or even Palgrave. And the plates and letter-press, which accompany and illustrate the introductory chapters, show no falling-off from the singular excellence which the first decade achieved.

The question to what fauna we belong is first examined. Dr. Thurnam holds the opinion that mankind were created in different districts, and at different times; and he thinks this probable even in the case of families which are connected beyond dispute by the bond of cognate languages. But the question only affects Britain indirectly. Our island has derived from the Continent its flora and its inhabitants; the Channel did not always divide us from France; and ever since the cliffs have been rent asunder, a distant vegetation has often floated to us with the tides, or strange birds have flown over the seas, or unknown species have been domesticated. Still more important, of course, have been the migrations of races which found in our islands the "ultima Thule," from which the vanquished had no escape, and beyond which there were no new worlds to conquer. Dr. Thurnam is inclined to deny any great antiquity to our first forefathers. "The doctrine sometimes maintained of an antiquity mounting up to the preglacial period and the epoch of the extinct mammalia, of the hyæna, tiger, elephant, or rhinoceros of pliocene deposits, has no warrant in existing geological science." A curious instance of the way in which mistakes have been formed on this subject, and may be corrected, is given a little further on. "In the remarkable cavern, called Kent's Hole, near Torquay, in Devonshire, great quantities of fossil bones of extinct species of bears, hyænas, lions, and tigers, have been dug up from beneath a stalagmitic floor of considerable thickness. Intermingled with these bones have been found knives, arrow-heads, and spear-heads of flint, implements of bone, and fragments of coarse pottery, similar to those from the earlier British tumuli. There is however clear evidence from the position in which these objects were found, from the shells of mussels, oysters, and limpets, from the ashes and decomposed animal and vegetable matter, the remains of fires and feasts, and from the heaps of flint pebbles, with flakes and weapons of the same, in all stages of completeness, that this cave had formed the workshop, and perhaps the residence of some primeval Britons, where they prepared the implements of the chase and of fishing. It is clear that had the cave at this period been the abode of the sanguinary animals, the remains of which are so abundant in its interior, it would not have been so resorted to by man. The mixture which it certainly presents of human relics with those of the extinct animals might easily have occurred, if the stalagmitic floor had been at all broken up by its later and human occupants. That this was actually done, at least in one spot, is proved by the discovery of a human skeleton above a foot and a half beneath the existing stalagmitic floor, surrounded by flags of stalagmite which had clearly been broken up to form a grave. That the human remains should, equally with those of the extinct animals, be sealed up below a crust of stalagmite, which is still in process of formation, need not surprise us." In similar manner, Dr. Thurnam examines and rejects the theories of some French authors as to the antiquity of human remains that have been disinterred in Aquitaine and near Paris. These views, it will be remembered, have lately been brought before the English and American public in *Types of Mankind*, on the authority of Dr. Usher. Something depends on the question of the comparative extent of the changes now in progress through the operation of climate and tides. Dr. Thurnam thinks that forests, and rivers, and sea-shores have often completely lost their original aspect since the first appearance of man. It is curious to see in Great Britain how the indigenous fauna of the district has disappeared. The Irish elk, the great wild ox, the bear, the wolf, and the beaver, are now nothing more than names to us. Yet the four last of these, we are told in the legend, were the only inhabitants of Britain when the first of the Cymry arrived here.

Is this claiming of the Britons to be the first possessors of the soil a real historical truth, or an idle boast? This problem forms the subject of the second section. Almost all inquirers have agreed to answer in the negative. Latterly the favourite view has assigned to us a nomad Turanian people, probably cognate with the Basques or Finns, as our first colonists. Professor Wilson, from the examination of skulls, was even able, as he thought, to distinguish two races, whom he terms "the long-headed" and "short-headed." These specific conclusions Dr. Thurnam, on examination of the same data, rejects. On the general question he expresses himself cautiously, regarding it as not indeed yet established, but as "worthy great attention, and supported by much *à priori* probability." The general progress in creation from lower to higher—the foreign names of places which every here and there have been preserved by tradition—the existence of tribes distinct from the nations around them, and apparently owning kindred with others in the far East—and lastly, the easy explanation which such a theory gives

us of variations in language and physical type, and of castes in society, are briefly the great reasons which have induced so many, from Pritchard downward, to reconstruct "the pre-historic annals" of mankind. But in England, we are concerned chiefly with their conquerors. The two elements of foreign invasion which Dr. Thurnam recognises are the Keltic and Iberian. He is hardly as clear as we could wish upon this point, but he seems to call the Silures, or modern inhabitants of South Wales, Iberian, on the authority of Tacitus. If this be so, he in fact considers the Cymry Iberian, and accepts "as probable the existence of an intrusive Iberian element in the early population of Ireland, as well as in that of the south-west of Britain." This appears to us unnecessary, if the object be simply to explain our connexion with the Peninsula; for the Turanian population, whom the Cymry and Gael supplanted, are surely the proper owners of the name Iberian. But if this term be applied to the Cymry, we are placed in a great difficulty. Their present districts are Brittany, Cornwall, and Wales; and in speech, in features, in customs, and character, these tribes are as clearly of one stock as the Anglo-Saxons of England and America. On the other hand, the whole district of Gascony and the Basque provinces has its own, and, as we esteem it at present, a very different type. It is to this population, if Humboldt's researches had any value, that the name Iberian properly belongs. Either, therefore, we must assume, that the Silures were Turanian, and have since been merged in the Cymric tribes around them, or that the Cymry were originally Iberian, but in their migrations have lost their mother tongue. These hypotheses are, to say the least, so hazardous, that few, we think, will be inclined to found them on the mere description of the Roman historian, that "the Silures had dark complexions and curly hair." Indeed, Dr. Thurnam himself tells us that this latter statement is, at present at least, untrue. And, generally, we cannot insist too much upon the fact that, as far as we have any knowledge, the same peoples have pretty constantly fluctuated within the same limits. Saxons were in England before Cæsar, and the complete conquest of the island had already in all likelihood been commenced by them, and was only suspended by the Roman sword.

This mixed aspect of the population has not been sufficiently borne in mind, when the character and civilization of the natives come to be examined. The scattered notices of Roman and Greek authors, who knew nothing of the distinctions of Saxon, Cymry, Gael, and perhaps Piet, are laboriously put together, that out of the mosaic a real picture may be formed. Often even passages of Cæsar, which describe the Gauls of the Continent, are hastily transferred to their British contemporaries. This is much as if we should endeavour to obtain an idea of modern Austrian civilization, by comparing the accounts of travellers in Lombardy, Bohemia, and Hungary. For instance, Strabo's report that the people of the interior were unacquainted with horticulture and other matters of husbandry, must be corrected by Pliny's statement that the use of artificial manures was a British invention. The evidence for cannibalism is hardly conclusive against either the Cymric or German tribes, except in the single case of Bonduca's revolt; and here the terrible vengeance of an insurgent people is scarcely to be considered a proof of their usual habits. Similar horrors were witnessed in the Thirty Years' War, and in the Irish Rebellion. And, in a larger sense, there are phases of moral life, and thought, and character, which do not so much distinguish one people from another, as the different epochs of national life in the history of the same race. The virtues that depend on impulse, and the vices that proceed from the want of self-command, are the common inheritance of savages.

Yet, when these allowances are made, we owe a large debt of gratitude for the vivid picture which Dr. Thurnam's care has presented to us. The circles of huts hollowed out of the hills or heath, with wattled sides, and thatched roofs, and without either windows or chimneys, seem scarcely to have deserved the defensive palisade and ditch, without which, however, life and property would have been held by but slight tenure. The British chief, with his 'glib' of red matted hair and his moustache, with the broad chest, and long arms, and high cheek-bones of his race, and with the plaid thrown loosely about him, is the centre-piece of a clan, among whom only the Druid and the Bard can modify his traditional power. Hunting and fishing are the natural recreations of shepherds and warriors, though that other amusements were not wanting, we gather from Professor Wilson's romantic story of the implements of a game like bowls which have been found, deep down, almost fossilized in a bog, as their masters, no doubt, left them, when the final summons hurried them away to that battle-field which was to be their last. We even know pretty well what the meals of the Britons were. The state of the teeth found in skulls proves that they lived chiefly upon flesh, and the evidence of language and poetry tells us that beer and mead were common accompaniments. Of course the furniture of the cabin would be scanty and rude. But the Britons were famed for wicker-work, and a people who could coin were no doubt able to make other uses of their metals. Low as the picture we have given is, it certainly in some respects is higher than we should expect to find among any tribe of savages.

We cannot here examine specially the admirable engravings and descriptions of skulls which complete the present decade.

Even a slight inspection will satisfy the unprofessional observer that differences of national type are real, and not imaginary. But, in justice to the public spirit of the authors, we ought to add that the heavy expenses of their publication are, at present, very imperfectly sustained by the list of subscribers.

NEARER AND DEARER.*

NEARER and Dearer is announced as a novelette by its author; and if by a novelette is meant a story of a very slight texture, this little book may fairly lay claim to the title. We understand that the work is already in its eleventh thousand, and this speaks well for the popularity either of it or its author. We incline to think that Cuthbert Bede himself is the cause of so large an amount of public favour being bestowed on his story; for, different as are opinions as to what is amusing, we cannot persuade ourselves that eleven thousand persons have found *Nearer and Dearer* very lively or very interesting. In the early part of *Verdant Green*, there was some fun and freshness; but already, when the author approached the end of that story, he had got into the vein which he thinks rich enough to afford him materials for another publication. He has devoted himself to describing the vulgar side of genteel life in the set language of a stereotyped facetiousness. He describes how his hero kisses his heroine in different places of concealment, and carries the innocent couple through a great many adventures, of which the great point is, that they treat every circumstance of life as a sort of mislabeled bough, and embrace under it. He talks funny all the time, and seems to do so quite as a matter of business. Our readers may perhaps have met living conversationalists who have the same propensity; and if they will fancy such a person talking for an hour or two about the delight and triumph he had enjoyed while kissing his cousin behind a door, he will have a fair notion of this novelette.

There is a *blasé* hero, exquisitely handsome, with 20,000*l.* a-year, who, having nothing to do in bad weather, bets a friend that he will go to a ladies' school in the neighbourhood, and cut a lock off the hair of the first girl he sees, in the presence of her mistress, without either being offended. Arrived at the door, he asks, as the safest of questions, whether he can see Miss Smith. Of course he hears that Miss Smith is at home, and in rushes the most beautiful creature, who throws herself into his arms, and kisses him wildly, while exclaiming "my brother!" The mistress enters, and sanctions the tender greeting, and the rape of the lock which follows it. The young lady has received a letter that very morning from a brother in India, whom she had not seen for years, announcing his speedy arrival. This accounts for the mistake; but the harmony of the meeting is interrupted by the advent of the real brother, who is facetiously entitled thenceforward as "Simon Pure." The secret is disclosed, and the mistress, the lady, and her brother, might reasonably be offended, but prudery is vanquished by the announcement that the pretender is a baronet, and that he is willing and even anxious to marry Miss Smith, which after a good deal more kissing he at length happily does.

So much for the story—but the story is but a vehicle for the lively writing. The author has a natural gift for seeing the ludicrous side of things, and great facility in expressing himself. But the fun seems to us forced and conventional. It is based not on humour or wit, though there are sallies of fancy tolerably successful, but on the art of translating common thoughts into the language of what is ordinarily accepted as facetiousness. Each of the comic characters has one funny point which is always brought out in every sentence he or she utters. There is a school-mistress who calls herself "a great moral engine," and who perpetually explains that she is a woman of large sympathies. This is the sort of joke which, uttered in a telling manner, sometimes makes a hit for a minor character in a farce, but is very far from funny to read in page after page of print. So, too, there are at the ladies' school a fat page, who conceives himself to be in love with one after another of the boarders, and a housemaid who makes mistakes in English and confuses one word for another. In a farce, we might derive a moment's amusement from both of these characters. But it is dreary work to sit down and quietly read sentence after sentence supposed to proceed from the fat page such as the following:—"O Harabellar, O Harabellar Sophiar, the extent of spasms and other unpleasantnesses as I've endured for you it aint in the power of mortal lips to reveal." Nor is it very enlivening to turn to the observations of the housemaid, who, to show her want of education, makes such a series of ingeniously bad mistakes in language as no one but an educated person could think of or commit. When we read that Dolly remarked "a nasty nation is the thief of crime," we know at once that the point consists in the oddity of turning a well-known proverb into this nonsensical shape, and that there is not meant to be any probability in the character of the housemaid who is the medium of the joke.

Cuthbert Bede writes of a class, and for a class—he knows one set of people, and strives to meet their wishes. This set is not very extensive, for it only embraces a certain portion of University men. In the Universities, however, the sort of persons whom Cuthbert Bede addresses are tolerably nume-

rous—perhaps they form the staple of the students. They are young men who are neither bad nor good, neither industrious nor idle, neither fast nor slow, free from vice, careless of money and time, and fond of queer dogs and curious waistcoats. They generally are well acquainted with the works of Mr. Dickens; and Cuthbert Bede has made himself master of the phraseology of Mr. Dickens's earlier tales, so that he can write with perfect ease in the style which is immediately recognised as facetious by his young friends and patrons. We know no reason why these young gentlemen should not have an appropriate and peculiar literature if they can find any one to write it, and will support the writer by purchasing his book. But certainly the field is rather a limited one; and all books, like all conversation, made to suit the taste of a small set of people, are apt to bore and weary other people, when once the first novelty of hearing what the particular set think and say is at an end. We can only hope that his own circle of admirers will enjoy the novelette of Cuthbert Bede more than we have done. Not only does he offer them a story for their money, but he throws in no fewer than 147 illustrations. They, too, seem adapted to a special market. One of them, for instance, is a full-length representation of the back of a man playing at billiards. We hope this design will gratify the taste of the favoured class for the fine arts, as much the accompanying letter-press, describing how the hero lit several cigars and made several flukes, will gratify their taste for literary excitement.

A MISSIONARY VOYAGE TO CAPE HORN.*

CAPTAIN SNOW prefaces his book with many apologies for his literary shortcomings, and with a sort of deference for his future critics as generous as it is simple. "They may have," he says, "to roughly handle the writer while they admire the man, and consequently are placed in a post of duty that runs counter to their feelings." In order that we may get over, in the fewest possible words, that part of our task which seems to inspire Captain Snow with so much apprehension, we will compress our literary criticisms into one remark. He has an odd trick of putting adverbs out of their places. Most people would say—"to handle the writer roughly" instead of "to roughly handle the writer," but this is really the only fault we have to find. A heartier, more genuine, nobler book than this we have not seen for a long time. It is in every way wonderfully well worth reading. Not only is the subject-matter very curious and almost entirely new, but the spirit in which the book is written is admirable. The character of the author is stamped in the broadest manner on every page, and can hardly fail to enlist the sympathy of readers of every class. Captain Snow was formerly engaged in the Arctic Searching Expedition, and was the author of one of the books that were published on the subject. His whole mind seems to be full of the gallant and tender spirit which actuated so many of the persons engaged in that splendid enterprise; and he writes with so natural and so becoming a mixture of simple manly piety and intense sailorlike enthusiasm for the sea and all that belongs to it, that in reading his story we sometimes are tempted to think that Captain Marryat and Mr. Kingsley had laid their heads together in order to produce a sort of missionary Peter Simple.

After touching at St. Ferdinand de Noronba and Monte Video, Captain Snow pursued his course to the Falklands. On the way he was very nearly run down by a whale. A number of porpoises and other fish had surrounded one whale, and appeared to be fighting with him, when suddenly another whale ran across the ship's track, clearing her bows by hardly more than a foot. Soon after this narrow escape they came to an anchor in Keppel Sound, in the northern part of the Falkland Islands, and disembarked the catechist, the surgeon, the carpenter, and the mason, together with a wooden house, with which they had been provided, on Keppel Island, which is uninhabited except by geese and other sea-fowl. Whilst the party were settling themselves here, one of the pious seamen took the opportunity, contrary to the Captain's express orders, of lighting a fire on the grass, thereby causing a conflagration, which spread over the whole island, and very nearly burnt up the ship, the house, and all the party. He moreover falsely accused one of his comrades of being the cause of the catastrophe, and allowed him to take the blame. It is a circumstance well worthy of observation on many accounts, that this poor creature, whose "piety" was the cause of his selection for his employment, was, in fact, half-mad. He had married shortly before a voyage, and on his return home, without any previous warning, met his wife's funeral. The shock at once unsettled his mind, and produced what was supposed to be piety.

Our readers will remember that about seven years back Captain Allen Gardiner and six others persons set out, with no other resources than were contained in two very ill-provided boats, to convert the natives of Tierra del Fuego. Probably no one ever engaged in a worse-planned undertaking. The whole party were miserably starved to death at a desolate place, called Spaniard's Harbour, where they underwent the most awful sufferings before they died. Their neglect of all the precautions indispensable to

* *Nearer and Dearer*. A Novelette. By Cuthbert Bede. London: Bentley. 1857.

* *A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, Patagonia, and in the River Plate. A Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas.* By W. Parker Snow, late Commander of the Mission-Yacht *Allen Gardiner*. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1857.

such an expedition was, however, only equalled by the wonderful piety which they displayed in their sufferings. Their journals were found on the spot where they perished, and we remember nothing more touching or more beautiful than the spirit in which Captain Gardiner day by day recorded his feelings as his life gradually ebbed away. A Society, called the Patagonian Missionary Society, determined, in 1854, to take up the enterprise which had been arrested by Captain Gardiner's death. A ship was accordingly built, and Captain Snow, having volunteered to take the command, was appointed to it. What the Society's peculiar principles may be, we do not know, but the contrast between them and their captain becomes apparent from the very first line of the story. He was an open-hearted man, with a very warm temper, very quick feelings, and, obviously, a very deep sense of the cardinal doctrines of religion; but he had roved about the world from a child, acquainting himself with the roughest forms of life, and learning to judge of men by what they did, and not by what they said. The Society, on the other hand, seem to have had a sort of technical standard, according to which a certain amount of professed piety was an indispensable qualification for their employment, whether it represented anything better or not. "I was directed," he says, "to employ no one but strictly religious men, and belonging to the Church." After a great deal of difficulty, "two pious mates and the promise of two men" were obtained, to whom "an indifferent seaman, partly blind, a young man, a landsman, and a Hindoo cook" were afterwards added. Besides these, a surgeon, a catechist, a carpenter, and a mason were sent out as a "land party," to form a station and dépôt on one of the West Falkland Islands. The plan of operations was, that Captain Snow should get supplies of natives from Tierra del Fuego or Patagonia, and bring them to this dépôt, where they were to be converted, and whence they were to return to convert their countrymen. Captain Snow soon found his crew very dreary companions indeed. Everybody in the ship, except the captain and his wife, talked theology every day and all day long. Whenever an order was given which did not strike their fancy, "a few of my companions, a couple of the seamen, with the boy, would take upon themselves to denounce me to perdition; and from time to time, under pressure of the incessant sameness of talk, I could almost wish that a burly Russian would come in view, and frighten us into something more like the notion I conceived of manhood." Imagine the aggravation of being lectured by inferior officers on want of faith, in reply to a reproof for not being on deck at the proper time in the morning—or of being coolly informed by the mate, whose clumsiness had all but spoiled the provisions bought on shore, that the accident was predestined, and that it must not be murmured at!

Having settled the "land party" at Keppel Island, in execution of the extraordinary scheme of the Society, Captain Snow went on to Stanley, the principal and indeed the only town in the Falklands, and thence to Monte Video with a mail. A missionary was to be sent out to take the control of the spiritual part of the expedition, and till his arrival everything seems to have been at a sort of standstill as far as any actual conversion went. When the ship arrived in harbour, Captain Snow found that he had not time to carry on daily evening as well as morning service, and told the crew they must do it quietly for themselves if they wanted it. Hereupon the two mates mutinied, refusing to go to their work, and observing to the Captain, "if you don't intend to pray oftener, we don't intend to do any more work;" and they had to be turned out of the ship and given over to the consul by a party of marines from a French ship of war in the harbour. The whole story of the missionary part of the voyage is one of the most marvellous that we ever read. We should hope that few people have been sent upon such a fool's errand as poor Captain Snow. The promised missionary did not arrive for about a year and a half. One gentleman, indeed, came on board the packet at Liverpool, but "he was laid hold of by the law," and beyond carrying mails between Stanley and Monte Video, visiting the utterly useless settlement at Keppel Island, and touching at several of the islands which form the Tierra del Fuego, the schooner and her commander had nothing to do. As to importing natives from these islands to the Falklands, it was not only forbidden by the Colonial regulations, but was only practicable by means of kidnapping, more or less adroitly disguised under other names; and to this process the captain entertained a conscientious objection, though he quotes one passage from his instructions which certainly looks not unlike a hint to adopt it. The natives, it is said, might be employed in various ways on the Falklands, and "they could not run away." The most extraordinary of all the difficulties which beset Captain Snow, was found in the conduct of the catechist and surgeon at Keppel Island. He was very anxious to get them to leave the place, inasmuch as they were doing no sort of good there, and were grievously risking their lives, for which, as the Stanley authorities told him, he was to be held responsible, as he had put them on shore. As, however, they were paid 132*l.* and 80*l.* per annum, respectively, for doing nothing, they positively refused to go, and when at last he had decoyed them on board the schooner by a ruse, they got possession of a boat and returned to the Island against his will. At length the long expected missionary arrived from England, with a salary of 600*l.* a year, and a large quantity of private property. He was accompanied by a gentleman who had subscribed 500*l.* to the funds of the Society. They

brought, however, no provisions for the land party, and no funds for the ship's use. The story which Captain Snow tells of the proceedings which closed his connexion with the Society is, if true, so discreditable to that body and its representatives, that we do not choose on an *ex parte* statement to refer to it in other than very general terms. The purport of it is, that the missionary dispossessed Captain Snow of his command in a very arbitrary manner, and left him at the Falkland Islands without any means of returning home—that he treated the gentleman who had contributed the 500*l.* most ungenerously—and, finally, employed the schooner for commercial purposes. Of the merits of the case we are of course entirely ignorant; but the matter is one of great public interest in days in which charitable societies administer vast funds with absolute power, and such charges, if allowed to remain unanswered, can hardly fail to excite most unpleasant suspicions in the public mind upon the whole subject.

Turning from this part of the subject to the account of the voyage itself, we may observe that the principal merit of the book is one of which a review can only give an inadequate description. It consists rather in the heartiness, the good sense, and the fervour with which the author writes upon all sorts of things and people, than in the positive information which he conveys. He seems to know and to love the sea in all its moods; and he tells the story of his various storms and manœuvres with that strange energy, and that passion for wild adventure, which have distinguished the race to which he belongs, from the days of the Sea-kings downwards. Take, for example, the following account of a night off Cape Horn:—

Turn which way I would, look how I might, be stationary or moving, it was all the same; and no matter what the ship, or what the skill, or what the voyage, I will say that such an awful night as we had off Cape Horn, and such as hundreds and hundreds similarly experience, is a night as full of darkling terrors, ghostly and real, as any one can possibly imagine. Every sea that came seemed like a huge water mountain ready to leap upon us; and though its main body passed beneath our hull, yet, in many instances, perfect cataracts of water came pouring down upon us, and streamed across our decks. Where the men got to, I know not; for I could neither see nor hear them at such particular moments. All I could do, all I thought to do, was to hold my breath, to gaze as if with fascinated look, and watch with an all but awful fear, hoping that the mighty mass of briny element would pass us scathless, or without much damage. And as it passed, with the thunder-roar of wind and sea alike sounding in my ear, I stood as if entranced, while I pierced the darkness to try and see if all were right and well. . . . only to be on the *qui vive* for the next giant wave, and to again sing out, as I often did when I saw it approach, "Look out there, men! Look out! Hold on every one of you; hold on!"

Those who feel an interest in the Falkland Islands, or Tierra del Fuego, will find a good deal of information about them in this book. We must own, however, that if any part of the world may fairly be called uninteresting, we should be inclined to give that name to those parts of it. Stanley, the only town in the Falkland group, contains 400 inhabitants, of whom six are magistrates. There is a great deal of tussack-grass on the coast, and numbers of monstrous seals called sea lions. There are some wild cattle, and also some wild horses, on the Islands; and it is a question whether they might not be advantageously used much more than they now are, for refitting ships damaged off Cape Horn. The Tierra del Fuego is an even more dismal group of islands—still more desolate and inaccessible. The natives are harmless, but savage to the utmost possible degree. There is one man there, called Jemmy Button, who was taken over to England by Captain Fitzroy, and can talk a little English; and there is said to be another person called York Minster in the same condition. It is also believed that Button and York Minster have quarrelled.

Perhaps the most touching passage in Captain Snow's book is his account of his visit to the scene of poor Captain Gardiner's death, and of his own feelings on witnessing it. It is very well worth reading, but it is too long to extract.

MM. SUE AND QUINET ON THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION.*

AMONG the few Englishmen who take a lively interest in the domestic politics of Western Europe, the feeling has been strongly against the *parti prêtre* in the struggle which is in progress between it and the Continental Liberals. Many causes have concurred to produce this result. The open aid which the Church of Rome has given to the despots, the servility with which she licked the feet of each successive victor in the late French convulsions, and the contest in Belgium, in which the Church seems to have been in the wrong, have all contributed to the prejudice. The Liberals, of course, have felt for their namesakes elsewhere who were in difficulties—forgetting to inquire whether the relationship went further than the name, and whether Mazzini hatching an anarchical conspiracy is a fair translation of Roebuck agitating for a Reform Bill. And, in a great number of minds, there has been the feeling—a feeling apparently inherent in Englishmen, and excited to madness by the extravagances of the convert school—that all who go with the Pope must be wrong, and that all who go against him must be right. To this last class we beg to recommend, as profitable reading, the lucubrations of M. Quinet and M. Eugène Sue, on the religious situation of Europe. They are, or rather were, not undistinguished writers

* *Lettres sur la Question Religieuse en 1856*, par Eugène Sue; précédées de *Considérations sur la Situation Religieuse et Morale de l'Europe*, par Edgar Quinet. Bruxelles, 1857.

of the party, and fair representatives of the spirit of the *litterateurs* of whom it is mainly composed.

They begin by lamenting the present degradation of the human race. The following is M. Quinet's appreciation of the generation in which he lives:—

It is the most terrible thing in the world to see States and peoples sit down quietly under the shade of an old, dead religion. Great God! what silence! what darkness! how quickly the simplest ideas disappear! how rapidly night sets in upon the mind of man! Listen, my friend! There are great States and great peoples, whom I do not name, among whom you will not hear a pulsation, a breath of moral existence. Has a whole society disappeared? It is the silence of a desert. Even the tribune of England only cries for the barker of all that remains of truth and honour upon earth. . . . Come, all ye great practical minds, the most eminent for common sense—Bacon, Montesquieu, Mirabeau, who have said a hundred times that your light would never pale, and that darkness was powerless against eternal day—come and see what they have made of your divine brilliancy. That greedy, hardened, stupid, besotted, abject being who crawls and clings—is that the man that you knew and that you promised?

They proceed to consider what remedy can be applied to this melancholy condition of affairs. The evil, of course, entirely arises from the Christian religion; and the question is, how is this incubus to be got rid of? M. Quinet enumerates three ways in which an objectionable religion may be overthrown. The only effective method he considers to be force, without which, in his view, no extensive change of religion has ever taken place in the world. But, as he says, however efficacious it may be, there is this obvious objection to it in the present instance, that he and his friends are the last persons likely to be in a condition to employ it. M. Sue, however, in the posthumous production before us, overlooks this paltry obstacle, and avows himself strongly inclined to a little wholesome coercion. Accordingly, he draws up a petition for circulation in free countries, in which, after having recited that "there is no sort of connexion between morality, which is one and eternal, and religions which are essentially diverse, variable, and contradictory," he proceeds to pray that no single clergyman may ever be admitted to teach in schools. We shall shortly see that M. Sue's morality, even on the elementary question of truth, is not so perfectly at one with that of the rest of the world as he seems to think; and with respect to other simple matters, such as murder and thieving, few people have been so successful as the adherents of the *République Démocratique et Sociale* in proving that men are not much more unanimous on the subject of morality than they are on that of belief. The next of M. Quinet's methods of disposing of an effete religion is to oppose to it "the pure light of reason and philosophy." The only objection he finds to this method is that it has invariably failed. People will think that they are misled if you strip them at once of all their ancient beliefs, and fall inevitably back into the most sordid superstition. M. Sue entirely agrees with him:—

One must accept men as they are, and take their present weaknesses into account, if we wish to cure them; and the cure, to be lasting, must pass through the necessary phases. . . . As a freethinker, fully alive to the dangers of every religion, I yet admit the necessity of a religion—as a transition, it is true; but I must repeat it, you must distinguish the possible from the desirable. . . . The enormous majority of Catholics, fatally habituated to religious observances, will long feel the imperative necessity of a worship. No doubt it will become more purified, simplified, and spiritualized; but I am afraid that for a long time yet a worship will be indispensable.

Accordingly, he proceeds to look around him for some worship without a creed which will serve his purpose. He has sense enough to see that "*en nos temps modernes un culte se n'improvise point*," as he passes sadly in review those which his eminent predecessors have in vain attempted to invent. The worship of the Goddess of Reason, "spite of the incontestable elevation of the idea it symbolized" (and spite, too, we presume, of the incontestable elevation of the goddess herself, and of the rites by which she was worshipped), the festivals of the *Etre Supreme*, and the dreams of the St. Simonians—all came to the same humiliating end—nobody would believe in them. Since force is unavailable, and new philosophies and religions have always broken down, some *tertium quid* must be found. It is quite clear that if the regenerators of the world wish to succeed, they must set up under some old-established name; and they think they find this requisite in Protestantism. M. Sue's notion of Protestantism will astound such of our friends at Exeter Hall as may be inclined to sympathize with all or any opponents of the Papacy. It is—

a sort of transition religion—a bridge, if I may so speak, by which one will assuredly reach pure Rationalism, yielding all the while to that fatal need of a worship from which the mass of the population are at present unable to wean themselves—a boundless field, freely open to all the hypotheses, all the affirmations and negations which the reason of man may devise in respect to modern religious ideas, and offering a lay worship, a rite, a creed, churches and clergy, to those who for some time yet will not be able to give up these superfluities which now-a-days cannot be improvised.

Therefore he is very indignant with those among his own friends who insult the Protestant religion. They are in reality quarrelling with the institution which is to serve as a bridge to bring deserters from the other camp. Still more angry is he with what he terms the inopportune bigotry of the Anglican clergy, who are widening the breach between themselves and pure philosophy by forbidding music on Sundays in the park, by multiplying public fasts, *et autres jongleries parfaitement dignes de l'Eglise Romaine*. But in spite of these little delinquencies, he cherishes the hope that the Protestants will consult their true

interests by resuming their old ground of pure and simple opposition, and making common cause with the infidels against Rome. The special form of Protestantism to which he and M. Quinet look to act as go-between to the old religion and the new philosophy, and by which they hope to shake the attachment of the masses to a creed, while they give them the empty husk of a ritual, is Unitarianism. He observes that that persuasion is marvellously adapted to the transition work to which he intends to put it. "They utterly deny the divinity of Christ, the revelation of Scripture, miracles, and other idolatries, and therein they use their right of investigation and interpretation, and do not leave the Protestant Communion, which admits equally, spite of their enormous differences, Calvinists, Anglicans, Quakers, Anabaptists, and other innumerable sects." True, he does not believe in this or any other form of Protestantism—he believes it, as he says, no more than he does Paganism, or Buddhism, or Catholicism, "or any other human invention, devised by a priestly caste, for the one only end of procuring for themselves more or less power, consideration, or gain." But still, though he believes it to be a falsehood, he is perfectly willing to propagate it; and his great scheme for the overthrow of Christianity is a formal organization for the spread of Unitarianism. He proposes that the friends of pure philosophy should give it up for a time, as there is not a chance of inducing the masses to accept it, and should form themselves into an *Association pour le propagation de l'Unitarianisme*. His idea, in short, is that the gentlemen who believe in nothing should combine for the propagation of the faith of those who believe in something, in order that they may undermine the faith of those who believe in something more. By dressing himself in the skin of a Unitarian, he seems to imagine that he will not only give the tolerant despotisms a great deal of trouble, but that he will also be able to appropriate all the material means and appliances of proselytism belonging to all sorts of Protestants everywhere, for the purpose of propagating his infidelity. Among the recitals of the formal profession of faith which is to be made by the new association is the following sanguine view, which will be felt as a compliment by such members of the Evangelical Alliance as may plume themselves on their orthodoxy:—

Considering that Protestantism—of which Unitarianism is one of the sects—has at its disposal numerous instruments of action and proselytism, excellent public schools, able to face and conquer the competition of the Catholic schools, thanks to the bond of powerful sympathy (*puissante solidarité*) which unites Protestants to each other.

That these revolutionists are perfectly unscrupulous as to the means by which their end is to be attained, is no new information. But *brochures* of this character are useful in bringing before Englishmen in rather a fairer light the nature of the battle which the Church of Rome is fighting on the Continent. Here, in England, we know the Church of Rome, politically speaking, at her worst. We know her as waging an internecine war against a form of Christianity which includes every point of faith that was thought essential for some centuries after Christianity came into existence. We know her to have been till lately, the soul of the chronic disturbances which stifled the prosperity and rent the social framework of Ireland; and we know her as being still the informing spirit of a cabal of bores, whose well-trained factiousness brings our legislation to a dead lock. Consequently, it is our habit to think of her as being very little of a friend either to Christianity or to wholesome Government. But on the Continent matters are in a very different position. Her struggle there is for no personal supremacy or trifling iota of doctrine—it is for the very foundation of all religion. The enemies she opposes with such tenacity and warmth are no oppressed religionists—no Protestants driven a little too far by tyranny or indignation against error. They are formal, avowed, embittered foes to every existing or possible species of religion; and in their warfare they outdo the Jesuits themselves in the duplicity to which they are willing to stoop. It is clear that such considerations ought to modify very much the construction we are wont to put on the rigour, or even violence, with which the Church of Rome carries on her resistance. Perhaps, also, it might lessen the *empressement* with which certain liberal and anti-Papal refugees are received in religious circles in England. The writers before us freely speak of all religions as dangerous, and profess to believe in Protestantism as little as they do in Buddhism; and yet they are intimately bound up in thought and in action with those worthy Italians whose Protestant confessorship is calendared at Exeter Hall. There is a mania in England for each successive kind of foreign refugees as there is for each successive folly in dress. Poles and Hungarians, Spaniards and Italians, come in and go out like small bonnets and big petticoats. Some time ago the Polish Count reigned supreme. Many was the sober English family into which he gained a compassionate admittance, and was allowed to make love, *ad libitum*, at least to the kitchen-maid, if not to the daughter of the house—till at last it would be discovered that his five-pound notes were not always convertible, and that during his residence there was apt to be an epidemic among the spoons. Of late years, martyrs to the Protestant faith have been the rage. We cannot but hope that a more extended acquaintance with the writings of Continental Liberals may cause this, too, to disappear, and may convince the excellent patronesses of Exeter Hall that the Pope has other opponents besides Luthers and Savonarolas, and that every unfrocked priest is not necessarily a saint.

RUSSIAN VIEWS OF ENGLISH POLICY.*

WE are so accustomed to think of Russia as an intellectual desert, where no science is cultivated except the science of Government, and no authorship allowed except in the *Chancellerie* of Prince Nesselrode, that even the mention of a Russian University jars upon the ear as something incongruous and absurd. How can such very incompatible institutions be reconciled as undergraduates and secret police? In England, it is with difficulty that the undergraduate mind is restrained from ducking that most harmless representative of power, the Proctor's Bulldog. A Russian student must be composed of very Oriental materials if he can keep his hands off a gentleman who is perpetually spying through the keyhole at a wine party, or rummaging the bookshelves to detect treason and "cribs." Not the stiffest "poker" of the stiffest Vice-Chancellor could, in this country, save such an official from a practical acquaintance with the dirtiest sewer in Barnewell or Jericho. There must, however, it seems, be a university at Moscow, and it must contain Russian Professors; for we have before us a political pamphlet written by Professor Wernadski, whose name puts his nationality beyond suspicion. Perhaps, however, the Professor, like Professors at better-known Universities, is not burdened with an audience, and is only kept for the purpose—at first sight foreign to his office—of writing up the measures of the Government. It would sound strange to us if Lord Palmerston were to engage Dr. Pusey to extol his episcopal appointments, or were to direct Professor Newman to defend his Chinese policy; but every nation has its own way of doing these things. In England, we confide that office to new-made bishops, whose first duty is, as Lord Melbourne used to say, to "glorify their maker;" and perhaps a Russian might find that arrangement no less incongruous than the institution of political professors appears to ourselves. By whatever channel, however, the defence is made, it is at variance with our preconceived ideas that the Russian Government should have thought it necessary to make, in the face of its own educated classes, a laboured apology for its policy, and a formal arraignment of its most hated enemy. This pamphlet—though professing to have been written in the summer of 1854—did not really appear, as is clear from internal evidence, till near the close of the Crimean campaign, and was only translated into German last year. The object of it is to repel the charge of self-aggrandizement which was made against the Court of St. Petersburg, by fixing it upon England, and by showing that England's supremacy is so great as to endanger the balance of power far more than could ever be done by Russia. The case is argued with a very hearty animus, considerable ability, a great command of facts, and a very respectable command of falsehoods. The author's theory is that England is seeking a "world-dominion," not by lateral extension, like the Roman Empire, but by entrenching herself in isolated points, judiciously selected. She first makes herself mistress of all the great lines of commercial traffic, and then gradually absorbs and swallows up all the adjacent powers. The earth exhibits at this moment, in different quarters, regions in various stages of deglutition. Canada and India have already been subjected to the process—though, in the latter case, the meal seems to have been hastily eaten and insufficiently digested. Singapore, Sarawak, Australasia, on the one side, and Vancouver's Island and the American seaboard on the other, have been some time preparing the same fate for China; and the seizure of Hong Kong and the four ports may be looked on as the first gulp. Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, and Aden compose the noose which is soon to strangle Africa. Belize, Ruatan, the West Indies, Guiana, and the Falklands are the commencement of a similar process in favour of South America. Even Europe is gradually stifling in the folds of the huge serpent. England has already seized the main outlets of trade, and is mistress of its principal routes. She herself commands the Rhine and the Seine—Heligoland can close the Baltic and the Elbe—Gibraltar is at the mouth of the Mediterranean—Malta commands the gulf of Genoa, and Corfu the Adriatic. Nothing now remains for her to secure but the Black Sea, and when that is done, the coil will be completed, and Europe will be politically dead. Hence her energetic efforts to reduce Turkey to the condition of a dependent. The Professor looks with almost a superstitious dread to the possibility of England opening a communication with India by means of the Euphrates valley. In such a case the route must pass through Austria and Turkey; and the witness of history is, that wherever her routes to India have passed, there the adjoining nations have been enslaved:—

As if to show her aim in the occupation of Turkey, the English Embassy is at the same time seeking the construction of a railway, planned by English capitalists, through these countries towards India, from which the post will go almost without break through English ground. Germany, with this road passing through it, robbed of the free outlet of its rivers, and parcelled out into a multitude of States, will not long retain its political independence; and we shall see more than one instance of England's peculiar application of the principles of the balance of power. Europe sees not its danger, but it cannot forget the course of events. England's possessions, at first separated by a long interval, have advanced nearer and nearer during the present century; her immediate conquests have increased, and what ground have we for supposing that the time is far distant when Europe shall be entirely subject to her? The storm of British supremacy has been rising from all sides over

Europe since the beginning of the century. It is bound with a hopeless chain. Last century England possessed only Gibraltar in all Europe; now all its outlets are under her rule; all its chief routes may be interrupted according to her interests or her will. Heligoland, Malta, Corfu belong to her. But that is not enough; her immediate dominion is ever widening. Its first beginnings are showing in the Mediterranean; the islands first are feeling the influx of an English population and the blessings of English influence. Turkey and Greece are ready to fall into its abyss; writhing Italy draws near to the same end; and the whole South trembles under the yoke of English intrigues.

Dr. Wernadski's greatest indignation is roused by the hypocrisy with which England has veiled this self-aggrandizement under a pretended zeal for freedom and civilization. Wherever her flag has waved over other races, she has brought nothing but wretchedness to the dwellers in the land. Under the plea of saving the Ionian Islands from the oppressive rule of France, she has robbed them of their freedom, decimated their patriot leaders, stifled their growing trade, and reduced their constitution to a sham. In respect to India, our author expatiates with great zest on the tortures used by the Indian police, of which he has collected full particulars. He then proceeds to dwell on the injury we have inflicted on Indian industry. Its products were once famous throughout the world; but now its thousands of looms have been arrested by the selfish policy of England, which draws to her own factories raw material from the very land where it is ultimately, when made up, to be consumed. The main product which remains to it is the fatal opium with which England is drugging China in preparation for the final swoop. She made great professions and affected great self-sacrifice in the suppression of the slave-trade; but the Professor does not believe in this philanthropy. It was merely a craftily-aimed stroke at the American planters. She holds a terrible weapon over their heads by professing to be the Negro's friend. Meanwhile, by undertaking to suppress the slave-trade, she established the famous right of search; and though the extent of the atrocious traffic is not diminished, while its horrors are increased, still she has contrived to secure an exclusive influence along the whole west coast of Africa. And he points to other quarters of the world where England has had the power to succour the aborigines, but it has not suited her purposes to do so. In the face of Europe, she has suffered and protected the Circassian slave-trade which Russia had suppressed. In Australia the native race is dying out, starved by the English, who have seized the lands which furnished them with food. As for the tribes with whom we have come in contact at the Cape, the Professor enters at length into our conduct towards them, and shortly sums up his examination by saying that we have enslaved the Hottentots, exterminated the Bushmen, and turned the Kaffirs into foes. But the crown of our hypocrisy is the protectorate of Mosquito:—

More than once have men of different countries stigmatized the unprincipled policy of England in this case, and to say more of it would only be to weaken the sentence which public opinion has already passed. Only it is to be regretted that honourable men in England should seriously speak of the State and ruler of Mosquito as if England were not the real ruler there. True, there are some quarrelsome savages on the Mosquito Coast who live in tribes, and these tribes have chiefs; but is that a State? Among these chiefs is a principal chief, who wears cast-off tailor's clothes, enjoys life after his fashion, by drinking more strong drink than the others, but troubles himself about nothing else than cramming himself full; and is he a king? And are we to expect and look for the maintenance of such a state of things from a nation who plume themselves on their moderation?

He tells a story of the King of Mosquito, and the grandeur of his kingly estate:—

A traveller informed the agent, Bell, of his desire to be presented to George William Clarence, the King of all the Mosquitoes; whereupon Bell called to him through the window to come in; and when he was come in, Bell cried to him, "George, this gentleman is come to see you, sit down!" The poor majesty was treated with no particular respect, while everybody showed the greatest submission to Mr. Bell.

Pudet hac opprobria nobis, &c. We own we have little to plead in defence of a sham, the mockery of which our own Foreign Secretary formally admitted some four years ago.

But—continues our author—the Nemesis of this hypocritical ambition will not long sleep. Already England's colonies are beginning to think of freeing themselves from her selfish yoke. The first breach with America will leave Canada a member of the Union. The growing wealth of Australia will not long brook dependence. And India, with its millions of unwilling subjects, only waits the first success of an invading army to rise against its oppressor. The idea that it is inaccessible to Russia, our author treats with supreme contempt. The very jealousy with which we regard Russia, and repel any approaches in the direction of India, betrays our conviction that no such inaccessibility exists. But he admits that no mere loss of colonies will ruin England. Her power has been scarcely, if at all, enfeebled by the independence of the United States. Like certain loathsome reptiles, you may cut her empire into pieces, and each part will develop a new life for itself. The blow must be struck at home. A descent upon the English coast is no longer the impossibility it was once considered. The highest military authorities have agreed that it is perfectly practicable on the side of France. Nor need the attempt be confined to France, or to the maritime powers. The progress of science is more and more placing the elements at the command of man, and lessening the necessity of experience and seamanship. The attempt might be successfully made by any State—Russia, for example—which possesses large

* *Die Weltherrschaft Englands und das politische Gleichgewicht.* Von Dr. Z. Wernadski, Professor der politischen Ökonomie und der Statistik an der Universität zu Moskau; Uebersetzt aus dem Russischen: Reyher. Mitau. 1856.

military resources, and an immediate communication with the sea. And so ground down by taxation are the people of England, so artificially is the fabric of her trade and industry built up, that any reverse or interruption, though only temporary, would inevitably bring the whole edifice to the ground. In the meantime, the Professor contents himself with recommending the European Powers to wrest the Ionian islands from England's unjust rule, and to be on their guard against the Euphrates railway; and he closes his book by confidently predicting that, as far as the then existing war was concerned, Russia would be found to endure to the end, with all her old tenacity, even through a ten years' struggle—a prophecy more remarkable for its patriotism than its sagacity.

The wholesale misrepresentations in which our author indulges, and his utter forgetfulness of the glass house from which he throws his stones, are the characteristics of all partisan literature. But there are some features in the work curiously indicative of the feeling of educated minds in Russia, and of the policy to which Russians instinctively incline. None of England's sins are dwelt on with so much force or indignation as those which concern our possession of India. That England should go on, year after year, binding India more closely to her sceptre, is, in our author's eyes, the one unforgivable offence. This feeling drives him even to the absurdity of holding up as an act of ambition the effort to secure our postal communications. Again, though England was only one of the allied combatants against the Czar, it is for her that all his fury is reserved. The book, written during the war, breathes with rancour against us; while Louis Napoleon is mentioned never with bitterness, generally with something like praise. Since the conclusion of the struggle, this discrimination of hatred has come out more strongly. Perhaps it arises in part from the fact that England is—what France can never be—a rival to Russia in the East; but probably it is due much more to the fact that we thought it necessary to talk against our late enemy, while France was content with acting. Sharp words wound more than armies. The columns of reckless abuse which, for the space of two years, our journalists and statesmen showered on the Russian nation, have penetrated more deeply than the capture of the Malakoff.

Coloured and distorted as much of the history contained in this brochure is, it is impossible to close it without perceiving that it is of very little use for England to lecture other nations on the wickedness of annexation. Even supposing the charges against us to be entirely false, it is evident that the whole civilized world laughs at our pretensions to moderation. Russia, in her fear of us, can afford to forget her political principles, and to invoke the aid of liberals against us. This very book is full of appeals to America as the great fellow-helper in the task of repelling English aggression; and we know how cordially these appeals are responded to, even by the peaceful and non-annexing New-Englanders. Our character, therefore, is lost, even if our hands are clean. But, in truth, they are not so clean that we can afford to throw the first stone at Russia or America. A nation that has swallowed up four hundred million square miles in a century is not in a position to preach against self-aggrandizement—though, unhappily, it is a theme on which our daily moralists are much given to enlarge. We are far from intending summarily to settle the ethical difficulty, by including England in the charges she makes against others, and inveighing generally against the aggressive spirit of the nations of the world. It is obvious that an eighth commandment for nations would be a very difficult code of morality to construct. It would be impossible to lay down that any barbarous nomad tribe is at liberty to lock up the most productive regions of the earth, or that no extent of misgovernment can justify the forcible release of the oppressed from their oppressor. On the other hand, to assume the reverse of these propositions would be to wipe away the law of nations altogether. But the very difficulty of the question should teach us to use less violent language against those who have solved it in the same way as ourselves. We have conquered the millions of India, and have to exert our utmost strength to maintain our ground against them; and we are constantly fighting bloody wars against Maoris or Kaffirs. It is idle for us, with these facts before the world, to hold up our hands in pious horror at the deeds of Russia in Poland or the Caucasus.

THE LIFE OF WHEATON.*

A NEW edition of a well-known work, *Wheaton's Elements of International Law*, has recently been published in America, and there is prefixed to it a long biography of Wheaton by Mr. Lawrence, formerly *Chargé d'Affaires* in London. The biographer has a pardonable excess of admiration for the subject of his biography; but after every deduction is made, it cannot be doubted that Wheaton was a remarkable man. No American had ever about him less of the peculiar stamp which marks the citizen of a new State. He was a man of refinement and of great cultivation, and enjoyed public life in the calm and dignified way which is usual with the higher officials of the European nations. He laboured, too, in a field where Americans have during the last half century gained considerable distinction. The geographical position of the United States, the form of their

government, and the absence of all diplomatic traditions, have combined to originate in them many new and important questions of international law; and both by official and private writers, these questions have been treated, on the other side of the Atlantic, with force, sense, and acumen. Among these writers, Wheaton was one of the most eminent, and we therefore think him a man sufficiently noticeable to make it worth while to trace briefly the course of his not very eventful life.

Henry Wheaton was born at Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, in 1785; and having distinguished himself at school and college, he went, in 1805, to Europe, and studied the civil law at Poitiers. On returning to America in 1806, he commenced practice in his native State, but without much success, and his time was chiefly occupied with political and literary writing. In 1812, soon after the commencement of the war with England, he undertook the editorship of a new paper, the *National Advocate*. The peculiar character of the contest naturally led the way to the discussion of several points of international law, and the *Advocate* was frequently selected by the Government as a medium through which to acquaint the public with the views of the Administration. The war was very unpopular in some of the States, and the Governors of those States refused to allow the militia to be called out. This conduct was denounced by Wheaton as an infringement of the rights of the Federal Government, and his opinion was subsequently confirmed by a decision of the Supreme Court. He also examined carefully and fully the claim of England to bind her subjects to a perpetual allegiance; and the circumstances of the war made this a very important question. The English, it was said, threatened to execute all persons of British origin, although naturalized citizens of the United States, who might be taken prisoners of war. But the point was settled by force rather than discussion, for the Americans threatened to execute double the number of British prisoners, and the menace proved effectual. In 1815, Wheaton left the *National Advocate* on being appointed one of the Justices of the Marine Court. In the following year, he began his task as reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court, and gradually collected together those volumes of Reports which bear his name, and have attained so high a reputation. He was also appointed, some years later, in conjunction with two other lawyers, a commissioner for revising the statute law of New York; and as he was a constant contributor to the *North American Review*, his time may be supposed to have been as fully as it was usefully occupied.

In 1827, he was removed to a sphere of more importance, and one exactly suited to display and develop the powers of his mind. He was appointed *Chargé d'Affaires* at Copenhagen, being the first regular diplomatic agent sent from the United States to Denmark. The special object of his mission was to obtain an indemnity for injuries alleged to have been inflicted on American commerce during the latter years of the European war. After the bombardment of Copenhagen, Denmark, acting under the instructions of Napoleon, had recourse, mainly through private armed vessels, to reprisals against British commerce. It was not easy for a third Power to distinguish between American and English vessels, and the claim for indemnity arose from several American vessels having been seized and condemned. Most, if not all, of the captured vessels were, at the time of capture, under the convoy of an English fleet. And this raised the point, which was apparently new in international law, whether the mere fact of sailing under an enemy's convoy renders the vessels of a neutral liable to capture. How doubtful a point it is may be gathered from the fact that Wheaton, as a diplomatist negotiating with Denmark, insisted that no such liability existed, while, as a lawyer in the Supreme Court, he proclaimed the existence of the liability to be indispensable; and in either case his arguments seem excellent.

His negotiation was, however, successful, and the Danish Government agreed to compromise the matter by paying a gross sum to be distributed among the claimants by the American Government. This prosperous issue of the negotiation is principally remarkable because it seems to have been almost entirely owing to the personal qualities of the negotiator. The Danish Government was perhaps a little overawed, but certainly was much flattered in having to deal with a diplomatist who knew so much international law, and had so considerable a celebrity. It was exactly a case where the rough-and-ready sense of a man unaccustomed to, and unfit for, diplomacy, would have been at fault. When the matter to be discussed is very simple, or will admit of being referred to the Home Government, or can be settled by the mere bullying of a strong Power, then the unprofessional diplomatist can get on very well; and a country may lose nothing which, like America, sends as its representatives to foreign States the noisiest partisans of the ruling faction. But there are cases where the professional diplomatist—the man, that is, who has gone through a special education—can alone succeed; and the negotiation for the Danish indemnity appears to have belonged to this class.

Wheaton's success made so favourable an impression on the American Government that he was transferred in 1835 to Berlin, although it was regarded as a great act of courage in the President to overlook in his favour the claims of those who, in the language of Mr. Lawrence, "not supposing a knowledge of public law, or of the language and usage of diplomacy a necessary qualification on the part of persons entrusted with our international intercourse, claimed all the patronage at the

* *Wheaton's Elements of International Law*. By William Beach Lawrence. Sixth Edition. Boston: 1855.

command of the Executive." He was instructed to endeavour, by every means in his power, to obtain from the German States, and especially from those united in the Zollverein, a reduction of the duties levied on American products. He attended several meetings of the Zollverein Congress, and at length, in 1843, it was arranged that a convention should be made for the reduction of the duties on American tobacco, with a corresponding reduction in the American tariff on German products and manufactures. The President, in his Message to Congress at the opening of the session of 1843-4, referred with great satisfaction to the negotiations with the Zollverein, and dwelt on the advantages which the United States would derive from their successful termination. The treaty embodying the proposed agreement was signed in March, 1844, and Wheaton received the congratulations of his friends. But 1844 was the year of a Presidential election, and the Zollverein treaty met the exact fate which we have lately seen befall the Dallas treaty. It was rejected by the Senate, for no real reason but that the friends of Mr. Clay thought that any success achieved by the existing Government might injure his chances of election. Mr. Lawrence tells us, in the early part of his biography, that "Mr. Wheaton's republican sentiments were unavoidably strengthened by his European residence." They must have been severely tested by finding that his labours had been wasted, and his long-desired treaty upset in order to give a slight electioneering advantage to Mr. Clay.

It is part of the diplomatic system of America to regard foreign missions as transient appointments, both with a view to discourage the growth of a diplomatic body, and also to preserve republican virtue uncorrupted, and republican traditions unimpaired by a long residence in European Courts. Wheaton had been permitted to remain much beyond the usual time, and it was generally considered that the exception was justified in his case by the advantages to be derived from having a man of his ability and eminence to act as a general adviser on European affairs to the Cabinet of Washington. But the Government of President Polk regarded the exception as dangerous. In 1846 he was informed that he must consider his diplomatic career at an end, and his removal was expressly attributed to his great experience and services. The Government feared lest individual eminence and merit should be looked on as grounds for departing from a settled rule of policy. Mr. Lawrence naturally feels, and gives vent to, the indignation of a biographer; but a dispassionate critic cannot but admit that, if professional diplomacy is to be discouraged, no means could be much more effectual than that of disregarding past services; and withdrawing a representative because he has distinguished himself. After spending some time at Paris, Wheaton returned to America, and died there in the spring of 1848.

He was a man of very miscellaneous reading and very varied attainments. While at Copenhagen, he devoted his attention to Scandinavian literature, and published a history of the Northmen, with sufficient success to elicit the praise of Humboldt. But it is only as a writer on International Law that his name is known. He had studied the subject thoroughly, and could state lucidly and concisely what he knew. It was the characteristic of his writings that they were eminently practical. He was not a great thinker, and never troubled himself with the more abstruse and speculative difficulties of his subject. Feeling that he must do something in the way of philosophical discussion, at the commencement of his most important work he strings together the opinions of a great many previous writers, and leaves the reader to take his choice. But as a text-writer, as an expositor of the obvious arguments and received traditions on all the practical points of international law, he is admirable; and this gift of discussing a given point without too much or too little technicality, not only enabled him to write books of great and permanent value, but exactly fitted him to guide the opinion of his countrymen on topics of current interest relating to the sphere of politics with which he was concerned. He wrote a pamphlet or treatise on almost every question of the day which involved a point of international law. It may be remarked that he took, we believe invariably, what may be called the American side, and found the most excellent reasons—as writers on international law are apt to do—why his country should do what promised to be most advantageous, and had done what was in itself abstractedly right. But we need not permit this to detract from our estimation of his merits. He was not a great man in any way; but he was a learned, clear-headed and honourable man, and one who gave to Europe a very favourable specimen of an American gentleman.

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Date of Insurance.	Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851.	Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1856.	Sum Payable after Death.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1820	523 16 0	114 5 0	1638 1 0
1825	382 14 0	103 14 0	1486 8 0
1830	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0
1835	185 3 0	88 17 0	1274 0 0
1840	128 15 0	84 13 0	1213 8 0
1845	65 15 0	79 19 0	1145 13 0
1850	10 0 0	75 15 0	1085 15 0
1855	—	15 0 0	1015 0 0

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MEETINGS IN BIRMINGHAM on the 12th of OCTOBER, AND FOUR FOLLOWING DAYS.

PROGRAMME—

MONDAY.—A GENERAL MEETING of the MEMBERS will be held in the Town Hall, at half-past seven o'clock, when the INAUGURAL ADDRESS will be delivered by Lord Brougham.

TUESDAY.—The Five Sections—viz., Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law, President, Lord JOHN RUSSELL; Education, President, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON; Punishment and Reformation, President, the BISHOP of LONDON; Public Health, President, Lord STANLEY; Social Economy, President, Sir BENJAMIN BRODIE—will meet in the Queen's College at eleven o'clock, a.m. Addresses will be delivered by the Presidents. In the Evening a SOIRÉE will be held in the Town Hall, under the Presidency of the Mayor. The Council of the Birmingham and Midland Institute propose to open the Theatre of the New Building by the presentation of an Address to Lord Brougham, and by the distribution of Prizes. Members of the Association not resident in Birmingham will have free admission to the ceremony.

WEDNESDAY.—The sections will meet in the Queen's College, at eleven o'clock, a.m. In the Evening, Conversazione at the Society of Artists, Temple-row. Members of the Association and holders of 10s. Tickets admitted free.

THURSDAY.—The sections will meet in the Queen's College at eleven o'clock, a.m.—In the Evening, a Public Meeting will be held in the Town Hall, at half-past seven o'clock, in aid of the Reformatory movement. Supported by the National Reformatory Union, and the Reformatory and Refuge Union.

FRIDAY.—A General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Theatre of the Institute, Paradise-street, at twelve o'clock at noon, for the purpose of receiving a Report, and for the transaction of the general business of the Association.

PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERS.—Members of the Association (annual subscription One Guinea) are entitled to Admission to all the Meetings of the Association, and in addition to personal Admission, have the privilege of introducing two persons to the Soirée. HOLDERS OF TEN SHILLING TICKETS will have Free Admission to the Inaugural Address, to the Sectional Meetings, to the Soirée—with the further privilege of introducing a friend to that assembly—and to the General Meeting.

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